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M A G A Z I N E





# RAIN

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SPRING 2013

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**Clatsop  
Community  
College**

Submissions are accepted between October 1 and January 10. No more than ten pages prose, three poems, or three high resolution digital images. Include name, address, phone number, email and a brief bio with all entries. Online submissions are encouraged as Word attachments, or high resolution (300 dpi) PSD, JPG, or TIF files. Submissions (online or otherwise) which arrive without proper contact informations may not be considered.

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# THIS CHEAP APARTMENT BY THE TRACKS

*John Ciminello*

Through a second floor window  
overlooking a side track of the L & N  
and a ragged line of stinking dumpsters  
on the backside of Gray's Cemetery,  
the breeze of dawn kisses our lips  
chasing all the ghosts of shame and heartache  
into the maelstrom of morning.

In a mason jar on the windowsill,  
resides a whirlwind of yellow roses  
stolen from the burned out depot,  
rhododendrons from the mountain side,  
and a passion flower from the boarding house  
where the old woman sits as doorkeeper  
to the mysteries.

Our hearts become a forge of  
precious metals burning in the furnace  
of memory where old photographs, antiques,  
gypsy melodies, and that certain look in your eye  
spins the turbulent ordinary, the cast off alloys  
of industrial waste and discord  
into no going back.

From the window we hear  
a train's whistle and imagine the Western Zephyr,  
a thousand miles off course,  
rolling into the station of this little town  
where every day our lives surrender  
a freight load of happiness  
waiting for the Santa Anna winds  
to blow this cheap apartment by the tracks  
west to the sea.

# TELE-A-VISION

*Robin Reid*

**W**hen I was a youngster, there was no Internet, no personal computers, and rocket ships to the moon were fantasies of science fiction and the comics.

I was a radio man thru and true. I loved the hum of the radio tubes as they warmed up. The damped, precision movement of the golden indicator arm as you dialed in the station still linger in my fingers memory. I can still recall the moment of anticipation when the station almost came into the clear and then, like magic, the announcer's voice from a faraway place.

It was 1951, in Colorado, not the Colorado of the Rocky Mountains, but the flat plains of nearby Kansas. I was seven and summer meant bare foot running, leaving red puffs of dirt in my wake. Our family was in married student housing, first a Quonset hut, as crowds of returning soldiers filled the college, then a two bedroom, on-campus apartment. My sister and I shared a bunk bed. She was two years old and her short little legs couldn't reach the ladders rungs, so I got the top bunk.

On Saturdays, I would fix breakfast for me and my sis, letting mom and dad sleep in. It was Cheerios and toast and radio shows. We'd settle on the floor in front of the walnut, shoulder-high radio and I'd adjust the dial. Big John and Sparky, Sargent Preston of the Yukon, and then Gunsmoke, with Richard Conrad, would fill the room. I was happy. I was content. The ears of my imagination were full. Then, it happened. I saw Tele-a-Vision.

It started innocently enough. A rich friend of my dad invited him to come watch the Friday Night Fights on one of the first TVs in Colorado. Now, I didn't know what the Friday Night Fights were, but I just knew I wanted to go. I was told it was for adults. I did an imitation of a kid, not a stretch, since *I was* a kid. I begged. I pleaded. "I want to see FridayNightFights," I sobbed. Standing on dad's foot, I wrapped my arms around his leg. He stiff leg dragged me to the door. And shrugged me off. Red faced, tears streaking down my face, I watched him go.

As the dark settled onto the neighborhood, I snuck out. I flitted Ninja like from shadow-to-shadow, approached the theater of the Friday Night Fights. I crept up to a large picture window. The living room was dark. I could make out the indistinct shapes of people sitting in the glinting light of the eight-inch, round TV screen. The muffled sound of a Gillette commercial made my heart beat fast. The top of my head and my wide-open eyes just cleared the bottom sill of the picture window. There in the flickering darkness I could see. . . Television.

From there on in, it was downhill for radio. We got our own television three years later. Every day after school, I'd come home, fix a snack, and plop in front of the TV.

Oh sure, some of my hard won skills were transferrable to TV. I still had the master touch I'd learned from dialing in radio stations. But now, I'd set the proper 'V' in the rabbit ears and, with my eyes focused on

the Indian Chief and the surrounding bars of the test pattern, I'd methodically turn the 'V' until the picture was as clear and sharp as mortally possible. This ritual, of course, was the responsibility of whomever was in-charge of the TV. And that it needed to be repeated was because of changes in weather, sun spots, and other science stuff.

My sister and I would sit and stare at the test pattern for the thirty minutes before

our shows started at four PM—no 24-hour weather, news, and shows then. Hopalong Cassidy, the Cisco Kid (Oh Cisco, Oh Pancho), Roy Rodgers, the Lone Ranger, these names and their memories still conjure up excitement and wonder. They bring a smile to my face to this very day, but they never filled the ears of my imagination like my first love, radio.



Robin Reid



*Step Through the Door*

Eric Stewart

# LOVE EVERLASTING AMOR ETERNO

*Bruce Dustin*

I have to admit  
that sometimes  
love  
is a greasy looking  
mouth stretched wide  
baboon of a monster.  
It occasion,  
at times,  
a pretty grim  
trembling of emotion  
that swallows our lives  
that pushes us  
to the bitter end.  
And yet,  
with my white hair,  
like a flag waved on high,  
I surrender my life,  
a bower of rose colored callouses  
in my outstretched hands,  
I present myself  
in supplication,  
in everlasting commitment,  
till death do we part...  
to you.

Tengo que reconocer  
que a veces  
el amor  
es un aspecto grasozo  
de una boca estirada ancha  
babuino monstruo.  
Ocasionalmente,  
a veces,  
un bastante sombría  
temblante de emoción  
que traga nuestras vidas  
que nos empuja  
al final.  
Y sin embargo,  
con mi pelo blanco,  
como una bandera ondeaban alto,  
me entraga mi vida,  
un bower de callosos rosas  
en brazos extendidos,  
me presento  
en súplica,  
en compromiso eterno  
hasta la muerte nos separe...  
a ti.

# HEIRLOOMS

*Kelia Owen*

it      a  
is      e  
it l  
is

a melody on the wind , sugar songs  
golden tones of orange pippin and honey-  
crisp, jonathan, brandywine and northern spy.  
gargantuan wolf rivers, tiny saffron spitzenbergs  
gravensteins , ashmead's kernel, brandy wine, pearl  
braeburn, bramley, mcintosh, all sweet with water  
spots and cider dreams. gala from the roaring 20  
granny smith, cortlands , transparent yellows  
mutsu, fuji, ginger gold, gordon , gold rush.  
winter bananna, spartan , red rome.  
but hidden in a beverly hills  
Eris spreads her discord  
with gilded codling  
worms worm



Makayla Watson, Dart River

# THE FERN WALL

*Robert Michael Pyle*

(Adapted with permission from the Prologue for *The Tangled Bank: Writings From Orion*, Oregon State University Press, 2012)

For Christmas, Thea gave me a children's book titled *The Riverbank*, beguilingly illustrated by Fabian Negrin, with words by Charles Darwin. Mr. Negrin took as his text the same paragraph that gave the title of my most recent book as well as my long-running column in *Orion Afield* and *Orion* magazines upon which it is based. The paragraph in question is the final one in the *Origin of Species*, in which the author recapitulated his life's work and the entire book's message in 219 words. The paragraph begins, "It is interesting to contemplate a tangled bank, clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, and with worms crawling through the damp earth, and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other, and dependent upon each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us."

Just after Yule I sat with my grandson Francis and read *The Riverbank* with him, finishing up as does that pithy paragraph: "from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being evolved." Francis, four, did not fully understand the words, but he got the message: "So bugs turn into people?" he asked.

For Darwin, the tangled bank he had in mind was presumably a well-vegetated earthen slope above a narrow lane in

Shropshire or Kent, such as he had dwelt among for most of his life. But no doubt each of us gains a different mental picture from the phrase. The author and artist of the book I read with Francis clearly pictured Darwin's place of contemplation as the bank of a river. When I first read *The Origin*, not at four but at fourteen, I saw the author's tangle in terms of the banks of my beloved High Line Canal, my own special haunt, overhung with long grasses through which the wood nymphs flitted. Now, as a long-time Northwesterner, nothing reflects the tangled bank in my mind better than a fern wall.

I'd fallen in love with ferns as a boy, both from the stories my grandmother, great-aunt, and mother told from their earlier lives in Washington, and from the few actual ferns I saw in moister mountain enclaves. One particularly rainy summer, when the canyon flooded out on US 6, my mother and brother and I were obliged to overnight in a motel. Out behind the lodge, among the rain-soaked aspens and dripping granite, I came face to face with my first mossy, ferny cliff, and right there in Silver Plume, Colorado, I was hooked. When, that fall, I went off to college at the coast, I found myself surrounded by sword ferns on campus and in every one of the green ravines that cleaved Seattle's hills. On my first trip to the Redwood Country, we hiked into Fern Canyon at Prairie Creek Redwoods State Park. The overwhelming feeling of being surrounded, immersed, all but absorbed by those high lush walls of sheer

green growth was something I've known only in a few places, such as Oneonta Gorge off the Columbia River and in Mt. Field National Park, Tasmania. So when I came to live near such a place, here in southwest Washington, I was entirely delighted.

My Fern Wall defines the outside curve of state highway 4 as it swings into Skamokawa. The moss-and-lichen-lined limbs of alders and maples hang a ceiling above it, battened by fronds of cedar and hemlock. Sitka spruces reach out over Skamokawa Creek from the other side. The tidal stream runs beneath the graceful arch of a footbridge before hanging a right to its confluence with the Columbia, hard beneath the luminous wooden tower of Redmen Hall. Raven oversees the scene, and common mergansers drift down the middle. But the main event is the ferns. Masses of robust, kelly green sword ferns spill off the thick-soiled, gentler edges of

the slope. Where the wall grows steeper, the lush outburst of the smaller, spring-green licorice ferns takes over. And from its bare-wall vertical, saturated except in summer by dripping seeps, springs the delicate tracery of maidenhair ferns on their black stems above the brown blanket of last year's leavings. Deer and lady ferns grow atop the wall, beneath the Douglas-firs above.

I love driving by the Fern Wall at any season. But as March comes up to April, it really comes into its own. The lushness is such that you want to gnaw and crunch it like salad greens. In June, the goatsbeard will toss out its long creamy danglers. Then summer offers a green shade beneath the umbrella of the hardwoods, as the ferns detonate their sori. When things finally go dry in August, the licorice wilts, goes crispy and curled, and the Fern Wall turns almost brown. But the autumn rains are never far behind. And



*Morning Dew*

Brooke Reichert

with the rain, the *Polypody* pop out again like magic mermaids in a fish bowl. The frost and snow barely touch them. They unfold more and more until, with spring again, the green report becomes an out-and-out outrage.

And that, I think, is what I love most about fern walls: their reliable imperative to fade, then to regroup, to explode, to shock, to clothe the world. But who ever looks, besides me? As log trucks whoosh eastward toward the mills and docks, and cars and pickups head west toward the beach (especially if there's a clam tide), the Fern Wall is just a shady spot to watch for ice on the road, a curve between cliff and river to navigate and be gone, revving up from 35 to the old 55 or 60. Meanwhile, coltsfoot breaks ground and salmonberry's first cerise blooms break out, as winter wren sings under the wall and alumroot keeps its secrets below the soaked *Selaginella*. But maybe I'm wrong, and the Fern Wall gives pleasure and comfort to other drivers too, and to drift boaters among the mergansers on the creek. Maybe it isn't all mine, after all. I *hope* it's not.

The Tangled Bank stands in my mind for the imperishable fascination to be found in the living, physical world. Nothing else, other than love, has ever seemed as necessary to me as intimate connection with that world. And I'm not even sure there's a difference. In *Sky Time in Gray's River*, after listing some of the elements I cherish on my home ground—swallows departing and coming back, the first echo azures of the spring—I wrote that “these things are as important to me as love, and in fact, that's what they are.”

A few days after that Christmas visit with Francis, I sat in a coffee house in Astoria, Oregon. Little yellow lamps pooled light on black tables in the December morning's gloom. In one yellow pool, a girl wearing shiny black boots, gray leggings, a black

overcoat, and a pink cashmere hood cupped a latte and read the paper as she waited for her mother to bring the pastries. In another cone of lamplight, a woman twinned to her laptop tucked into home fries she'd let get cold. Outside, an old seaman or barman or both glided past the window in a black down parka ten times his bulk, and waterdrops depended from still-sealed maple buds, as steely clouds and rivermist unraveled and a winter-blue sky leaked out. Then full sun came in, swamping the yellow lamps. The whiny oinks of sea lions echoed up from the Columbia River a block away, pulling me out like the songs of sirens. The white cheek-spot of a goldeneye bobbed by the pilings, and the hoods of the buffleheads puffed out as soft as that girl's cashmere.

Every bit as much as a fern wall, a Kentish hedge, or a Borneon rainforest, these are things that I'd call real. Cartesian real. All around, always available, and endlessly engaging to one who is easily amused. But not everyone finds the minutiae of life as interesting as I do. The editorial director of *Globe Communications* supermarket tabloids, when asked why he published such outlandish fabrications, told the *Los Angeles Times*, “Our readers want to believe this stuff. The world is very boring.”

When Charles Darwin posed his “tangled bank, clothed with many plants of many kinds” as a canvas for his brief synopsis of his insights to date, he conjured from it all the elements of the reality that so beguiled him. Out of that hedge, he re-made his sense of the world. And he *changed* the world while he was at it. I have no such aspirations; I merely write to refute the idea that the world is a boring place. I have taken as my subject whatever most wanted to be plucked from the tangle for examination on a given day. The bank, after all, is really the whole show; the

tangles are just the most interesting bits.

There's barely a place, scarcely a square inch with any visible life or color to it, that can't catch and keep my interest, at least for a spell. Surely spell is the right word, for isn't fascination a species of bewitchment? Recently I stood rapt for a quarter of an hour in a supermarket parking lot, parsing the astonishing dendritic patterns and sensational shimmers of an oily patch of asphalt. Even concrete has its leaf fossils, footprints, and geologic traces. Manhattan's travertine-and-granite canyons throb as

much as western ones, seen in the right light. In "The Judgment of the Birds," Loren Eiseley described rock doves viewed from high on such a canyon's rim: "The white city pigeons were beginning to float outward upon the city... perhaps I had only dreamed about man in this city of wings—which he could surely have never built."

The world is not, after all, boring. The most reliable antidote for ennui is loving attention to the endlessly engaging details of the living earth. I believe it can relieve (if not fix) anyone's life, whether gripped



*Pixie Cup*

Julie Tannis

in poverty and suffering or safe and warm behind the walls of privilege. That's easy to say from my lucky vantage; I can't really know anyone's situation but my own. But I do know that Darwin, who knew something of both privilege and despair, found such succor among the earthworms along his beloved Sand Walk. And when he peered into his tangled bank of mystery and revelation, he also found a way—the way—to tie all the details together.

Some might ask, where's the *spirit* in all this talk of the material world? But I have never been any more capable of convincingly separating earth from spirit, or spirit from flesh or bone or stone, than humans from the rest of nature; or than I've been able to remain bored for long. To put it another way,

nature has never seemed *wanting* to me such as to require a supernature. To me, the world itself is rich and sufficient. It can never be too much with us. And as George Eliot told us, the best way to care for the world, "to save the earth's character as an agreeable planet," is to take delight in it. *The Tangled Bank* was my lucky invitation to share with readers the delight I take in the world every day I live in it.

Later this spring, with licorice ferns at the peak of eruption and the goatsbeards bursting, I want to take Francis to the Fern Wall. We will stand on the footbridge over Skamokawa Creek, look across at the cliff face, and see how many different kinds of living things we can count, as the log trucks whoosh by. "Yes, Francis," I'll say, "people do come from bugs."



Heron on Jetty Dock Foundation

Jon Schmidt

# PLUTO'S FALL

*Paul Acuna*

Once I lit up the darkest place  
Once I stood at the edge of space

Once I was the furthest king  
Once I had everything

I could not deny  
The title when it was lent to me  
But they said goodbye  
And took it all away when they could see

I roam the farthest orbit of shame  
I may be fraud, but I still have my name

One day I was there  
The next I was gone  
Some say it's not fair  
Some say it's where I belong

I am what I've always been  
Nothing given, but nothing taken

So as I am, so will you be  
I was found out by my truest deeds  
I was made to make this plea  
You cannot hide from those you deceive

# GRANDFATHER FISHERMAN

*Cosme*

His mother was the sea.

No encounters with the stork, nor were first glances placed upon masked faces in green-stitched cloth.

A wave—pregnant—rolled him onto shore; swaddled in a sea-grass wrap; milky skin caressed by periwinkle kisses.

He grew into scraped knees and grass-stained shorts, later sported lanky limbs; deeper vocals.

She beckoned him. Summers working at the pier, unloading boxes – he heard her. Salty whispers carried by the breeze, and dropped on his shoulder. Waves slapped against the rusted hulls.

He worked a long while aboard the Abby Normal. The vessel's paint peeled and chiseled. Her deck was stained with the juices of haddock, scup, Atlantic Silverside.

Storms at sea proved tough on his skin. Made it dry, like leather. Deep blue eyes turned grey. Lush black locks became white wires. Once sturdy sea-legs wasted to fragile bones.

He bid farewell to Abby.

We'd take walks along the harbor. Skip shells over the water and watch fishing boats pull out of port.

One hand wrapped around my fingers, the other around his cane. Ocean-scent crowded me. "What color is She?" he would ask. "Blue." was my reply. He'd shake his head to disagree. And when he passed, She raged with fury. Currents were stronger than those of storms. Grandfather, Fisherman, I scatter your ashes over the Sea. To calm Her anger.

I lay you back in Mother's cradle

# SORTING OUT

*Kim Hazel*

small, small, all round, one large, and a white,  
scored for pocket knives. Purple-gray psycho-stimulants,  
bew-PROH-pee-on, lorazepam and the power,  
of amnesia. Help me count,  
pills in brown bottles. Pills, like sugared sea-shelled candies,  
soften to keep my sleep and lull my central nervousness.  
Dreams of Denmark Lars crisscross the blood-brain barrier. Lars,  
whose smile is as itchy and warm as his cabled-wool sweater.



Dragon Bones

Kaela Baker

# FISH HEAD STEW

*Frances Carroll*

Mark Twain once said, “Work is a necessary evil that should be avoided,” and I tend to agree. I have worked mind-numbing repetitive jobs, fast-paced backbreaking jobs, and I have worked for a belligerent screamer who yelled obscenities at his employees, but working at Astoria’s short lived Crystal Ocean Cannery takes the cake for the worst job I’ve ever done. Up to my knees in rotting fish, covered in guts, and slime, surrounded by an odor so thick and foul I could taste it; for seven, ten hour days I shoveled a mountain of maggot-infested fish slop, which never should have been there in the first place—and all for minimum wage.

Crystal Ocean was a seafood processing plant located at the foot of the 39th Street Pier during the late 90s. The company made surimi out of a nasty fish called whiting (or hake), which is the main ingredient in imitation crab and fish sticks. Local boats would deliver to the pier, and the company also bought California and Canadian catch and had it shipped in by refrigerator truck. The hake (one of the ugliest, wormiest fish in the sea) was also packaged up minus head and guts and shipped overseas. The head and guts were ground into a thick mush and sold to pet food manufacturers. I pity the cats and dogs.

I had worked for different companies at the 39th Street cannery off and on throughout my early twenties, but Crystal Ocean was by far the worst. Processing hake in no way compares to the romantic Bumble

Bee heritage often associated with Astoria’s *rich cannning history*: you know, upstanding Scandinavian ladies filleting monster King Salmon and gorgeous albacore with their hair in a bun and their little white aprons and rubber boots. I had a few different jobs at Crystal Ocean. One of the first was working on the slime line in the head and gut side of the cannery, which is now the Rogue Restaurant. Working on the Crystal Ocean hake slime line meant hours in your rain gear standing in the same place and cutting the heads off and ripping the guts out of the whiting. As if standing in the same place doing the same thing over and over again wasn’t bad enough, my hands were wet and frozen all day from sticking my fingers inside the iced-down fish. Working the slime line was eight to ten hours of wet, frozen misery. Better than the slime line, or so I thought, was working on the dock crew. Working the dock crew, I did a variety of different jobs like unloading the boats, loading the trucks, washing totes, hosing the dock, and grinding the pet food. Dock work was still cold and wet, but the variety of the tasks broke up the monotony.

Normally the fish waste—head and guts, skin and bones—would be ground down for pet food, but for some reason unknown to me, one summer, or maybe it was September, management just let the fish pile up and rot. There was so much fish they had run out of room to store it. They let it sit so long that the whole east end of town smelled of rancid

fish, and people were getting sick at work. The city of Astoria demanded Crystal Ocean get rid of the rotting fish, so someone at the company came up with the idea to grind it up and dump it straight into the river, which is legal in small amounts, but not in the tens of thousands of pounds that was stockpiled in the freezers and coolers that month.

There was so much fish waste that Crystal Ocean had to shut down production and called in the dock crew to clean up the mess. Of the five guys on the crew only two of us showed up, and we both had horrific hangovers. Terry, the other poor sucker, and I, were given the overwhelming task of cleaning the place and grinding the remaining rancid fish into the river. The smell was so bad Terry wasn't able to keep his lunch

down, so he got the easy job of driving the forklift, loading the totes onto the lift, and I got the honor of dumping the totes into the hopper and pushing the decomposing fish into the grinder.

Anyone who's worked canneries knows the smell of fish is bad enough even when it's not rotten. The stench never comes out of your clothes completely, no matter how many times you wash them. At Crystal Ocean, the sickly foul smell was eye-watering and nauseating; the odor was so thick I could taste it; fish stench permeated everything. The hake eyes had gone cloudy, and there was a grayish-green slime covering the fish. The totes were full of two types of by-products. The first was filled with head and guts, which had turned into a maggot-infested fish head



Funky Fish

Lulu Quinn

stew, very foul and messy. I learned very quickly to keep my mouth shut or look away when dumping these totes because it was an 800-pound wave of rotting fish head stew splashing over the sides of the hopper all over everything including me. I hate to admit, but

I spent over a week up to my knees shoveling, wearing, and tasting that rancid maggot-infested fish head stew. I could smell it for days after I was done. I had to burn the clothes I wore, and wouldn't you know, our reward for being the only two guys to suit up

*“I learned very quickly to keep my mouth shut or look away when dumping these totes because it was an 800-pound wave of rotting fish head stew splashing over the sides...”*

at one point I tasted that stew and the taste was indescribably atrocious. The other kinds of totes were full of skin and bones. They were not messy like the head and gut totes, but it was a monumental task breaking those 800 pound fish bricks up with a shovel or a metal rake to get them out of the tote and into the grinder.

Cleaning up those totes of rotten fish was the dirtiest and nastiest job I have ever done, and sadly, all my efforts were in vain. Crystal Ocean's cleanup plan resulted in a federal investigation, and on April 27, 1999 Crystal Ocean was sentenced for violating the Clean Water Act. The company was ordered to pay \$100,000 in environmental fines, and finally the cannery was shut down for its actions which polluted the river. Turned out that before the company moved to Astoria, they had been fined several times for the same thing in Burlington, Washington. Regardless,

and show up was losing our jobs.

Today that 39<sup>th</sup> Street Pier hosts the Rogue Ale House, The Coffee Girl, Astoria Scuba & Water Sports, a luxury Fisherman's suite, artist lofts and even a museum to pay homage to the glory days of salmon and albacore canneries. Some days you can buy a live Dungeness crab from a tank, but the only fish at the cannery today is in the Rogue's fish & chips. And, yes there is a just a bit of a fishy smell, which I can't help but notice when I walk in there. The Hawthorne Cannery Foundation romanticizes the days when a person could make a good living wage working in Astoria's canneries without the nasty slop. The museum does not, however, pay tribute to Crystal Ocean's, and my own, contribution to the waterfront history of Astoria. The product I will forever remember is that special recipe of Crystal Ocean's fish head stew.

# ORPHANS

*David Campiche*

Ocean mist smothers  
Lemon moon  
We discard shoes and socks  
Roll pant legs  
High up pale white legs

Saltwater is frigid  
Flooding tide  
Wounds to my thigh  
I wrap my arms  
Around your waist  
Your hands are cold  
Listen to the roar  
Of combers tumbling

We are the orphans of winter.



*Cormorant Silhouettes*

LaRee Johnson

# RESCUE FROM THE ROCK

*Brian D. Ratty*



Tillamook Rock Lighthouse, winter 1934

Brian D. Ratty

With trees snapping and winds howling in the many coastal winter storms, my mind raced back to my grandfather, Harry, and his daring rescue off the Tillamook Rock Lighthouse in 1934.

As a young boy in the early 1950's, I remember visiting my grandparent's home in west Portland where, over the fireplace mantel, hung two black & white photographs that Harry had neatly framed. These images, which had appeared in the *National Geographic Magazine* in August of 1936, helped him tell his story of being rescued from the rock. After his death in 1970, those photos and his story became just a foggy memory to me. Then, last year, a

cousin loaned me a tattered box full of family memorabilia. Deep inside, I found both the yellowing photographs and my grandfather's story on faded newspaper clippings. With the aid of today's technology, I was able to restore both the images and the story of his daring rescue.

In the 1930's, Harry Ratty worked for the Lighthouse Service as a maintenance engineer. He traveled from Cape Disappointment to Coos Bay, repairing the many lighthouses that dotted the region. These bright white sentinels were manned 24-7 by keepers who spent months on station. Harry and his crews kept their lights burning, the foghorns blasting, and the keepers safe

from the terrible elements.

My grandfather was a quiet man with that Oregon sprit of rugged independence. Just after the turn of the century, he entered the building trades and helped shape the Portland skyline with structures like the J.K. Gill Building, the Lipman Wolfe Building and the old Multnomah Hotel. In 1928, he helped build the Big Dipper roller coaster at the Jantzen Beach Amusement Park. Coincidentally, my father Dudley (also a contractor) tore down that same coaster in 1972. Harry also worked on the Bonneville dam and, during World War II, was in charge of the civilian contractors at the Warrenton Navel Air Station on the north coast. But, of all of his accomplishments, it was the Rock that he talked about the most.

Tillamook Rock Lighthouse, also known as Terrible Tillie, is the most exposed lighthouse on the Pacific coast, and has survived many violent storms. Although the

lantern is 133 feet above the level of the sea, the protective glass has, on more than one occasion, been shattered by stones hurled by giant waves. In 1878, Congress appropriated \$50,000 for the construction of a lighthouse on the crest of Tillamook Rock, a huge stone monolith just over a mile west of Tillamook Head and twenty miles south of the Columbia River entrance. It took nearly three years for the Army Corps of Engineers to chisel out the lighthouse. During the building of the station, a lighthouse engineer lost his life while attempting a landing on the rock.

In October of 1934, a violent storm swept over the Rock, causing over \$5,000 damage to lighthouse. As the storm finally retreated, Harry and his crew were landed on the rock via lighthouse tender. A few weeks later, while extensive repairs were being made, a second ferocious storm blew up from the south. This one had winds of over 75 mph and sent 60-pound boulders smashing against



Harry Ratty in breeches buoy, November 1934

Brian D. Ratty

the light tower and stone building. Power was lost again, as was the telephone cable to shore. With windows broken, rain and sea pouring in, and the light's Fresnel lens shattered, the four marooned keepers and five-man work party rode out the gale for almost five days. Finally, one of the keepers, a ham radio operator, made contact with shore for rescue. During this time, Harry, a crew member and one of the other keepers were taken seriously ill as a result of exposure. A rescue boat was sent but, after two days of unsuccessful attempts to remove them from the rock, the lighthouse tender *Rose* was dispatched. In dangerous, stormy waters, she was able to shoot a rope line to the lighthouse and rig up a breeches buoy from the rock to her deck. Riding the breeches buoy from the lighthouse, over the churning waters, to the pitching deck of the *Rose* was an experience my grandfather would never forget. By the time Harry (pictured) reached the tender, riding just over the bobbing safety boat, his shoes were wet and his nerves frayed. Aboard the tender was a Coast Guard photographer,

who took the pictures. Harry and four others were removed from the lighthouse in this manner while replacement crews and supplies were sent back up. My grandfather and two of the others were sent on to Astoria for medical treatment.

This story of rescue was national news and made the front pages of many newspapers. The box of clippings and family memorabilia brings new meaning to Grandfather Harry's recollections and the importance of struggling through any 'storm.' Digging deeper into this box, I also found a tattered copy of a Western Union telegram addressed to Harry while he was recovering at the Astoria Hospital. It was a message from his wife, Elsie,

(My grandmother), still back in Portland. It simply read: *Glad you are well -stop- Come home soon -stop- Bills need to be paid -stop.*

So much for Harry's fifteen seconds of fame and his rescue from the Rock! In 1957 the lighthouse was decommissioned and the island sold.



Harry Ratty, right front (age 48) 1934

Brian D. Ratty

# RUNAWAY

## *Mannan*

It's like chasing  
a shadow,  
the officer said,  
refusing  
to track a teenager  
who wanted to run.

Taking up the hunt,  
I traced  
a serpentine  
through the city  
where shadows  
are sons,

the silhouette  
slipping in  
and out of other  
shadows,  
blending into  
other shade,

but sometimes  
lying still,  
waiting  
for something  
to move  
so it could follow.

# DEARMORE

## *Howse III*

I live in Naselle in a very primitive house built of shipping containers. About a week after I started stacking them up, Sheriff, Jon Dearmore appeared where I was building and said he had a story to tell me. He said that rumor had it that I was building an “indoor grow op.” I laughed happily, smiled, and said, “Come inside and see my buds, Jon.”

It was a good day. We laughed together for a long while when he saw where I was building my bedroom and my wife’s walk-in closet. He admired my workmanship and said he had respect for my determination and commitment. A lot of things go through my mind when I think of Jon Dearmore: honesty, integrity, leadership, action, and community. Jon was a beacon for me: a sign that all the wrongs in the world could be righted by the actions of one leader. Sheriff Jon Dearmore accepted me plainly as though I were a white sheet of paper with one word written on its front and on its back: “Possibility.” When we spoke together, his eyes told me a story. They said, “Sanders, I believe in you.”

The moment I heard Jon passed I went to my journal and wrote my own *Dear Jon* letter.

Dear Jon,

October 24. 2012

*I never knew you well, but for me, you were a symbol of hope and possibility. In a world where law enforcement is as corrupt, by and far, as the San Andreas fault, you were a rock of fairness. I've been in patches of trouble all my life and been treated unfairly by about every cop on the planet including one of your*

*deputies who recently pulled me over for swerving after he crossed double lines into my lane with high beams glaring nearly running me into Seal River!*

*You were a model citizen and a model police officer. Before I met you, I'd about had it with law enforcement. I'd long ago decided that calling the police is a pointless exercise and it is better to take care of things myself and risk the consequences than to get the cops involved—especially in a town this small and remote, where a black man seems to have no rights. Under your direction, I did have rights. I had a safety net I never imagined possible, and I had your cell phone number which you gave me just in case I really needed help.*

*For me, the future is bleak regarding my rights and safety. The nearest police officer living near me has made it clear that I don't have his protection or support. I will miss you for that reason, and I will miss you stopping by, admiring my house, which many people just don't get. I will miss comfortable chats where you are just a great guy, and I'm your friend—no officious-police-above-everyone-else-bullshit to ruin my day.*

*The last time I saw you was at the Wahkiakum Fair. You looked happy and relaxed entertaining your many admirers. The many citizens of our county loved and respected you as a great leader. Wherever you are, I pray that you recognize our love for you. All the residents of Wahkiakum County are in mourning today, Jon.*

*We will remember you.*

# IN THE GRAVE, OUT THE CRADLE

*Grant Marshall*

In my grave I sit, out my cradle I stare, in the sky I look, at my life I stare, caught in the fog, between here and there, my time rolls on, as we spin thru the air, moving round the earth, going nowhere, tears in my eyes, rage and despair, tears in my eyes, hope and care, these tears in my eyes change what I see, the choices I make decide where I'll be, with whom I talk, makes and builds me, to whom I listen changes what I see, fog or air, dim or clearly. ego, ergo, what's inside me, heaven or hell, what rules over thee? the cross or the "e"?



# INTERCHANGEABLE PARTS

*Michael Link*

The wave was not big, but I finally had my new board dialed in and knew where the sweet spot was going to be. Earlier that day, I was feeling a little out of sorts, not up to full power, but the sun and great break on the beach at Sayulita made all things right. As I slid down the face and started to pop-up, I felt that all my strength had vanished from my body. I fell back down on my board, and tried again. It did not matter how hard I tried to get up; I just didn't have the strength to lift myself off my ride, like my arms had turned to rubber! I started to paddle back out, then thought better and turned around and caught a wave to the beach.

When I reached the beach, a large hand seemed to be pressing me to my board; it felt like forever that I lay in the surf. I laughed to myself that I was in dire straits, maybe dying, with a beach full of people watching. All was in slow motion, time stood still. "Amigo, do you need help?" came a voice from the fog. I snapped back to real-time. Another man, who said he was a doctor, came to help. I was puking blood. Robert, a surf buddy who was sitting with my wife Gail, saw a group of people, with me lying in the center, went and told Gail I was in trouble. All hell broke loose... things started happening real fast! Before I knew what happened, I was in the ER of a very small village, the Hospital General San Francisco. Clinic would be a better name. Nothing about the place suggested sterility. Holes in the walls, dirt on the floor: there weren't any blankets or toilet seats. The nurse had high heels. Why was that so damn funny? Did paradise have its hidden dark surprises? I couldn't wipe the

big fat grin off my face.

On Christmas of 2010, a few months before my surfing scare, I'd had a surprise visit from the Grim Reaper. I was playing with Andy, my six year old son, building a massive Lego battleship with more than 1000 parts. Boy, did it take a long time. That two foot long battleship pushed my playing skills to a new height. I told Andy that Daddy needed to lay down on the floor and take a little rest. I found I couldn't get up, and by the time Gail came to find out what the commotion was about, I was near unconscious and quickly shuffled off to the ER at Columbia Memorial Hospital in Astoria.

During the examination of my esophagus, the doc broke off some large varices, and I started bleeding from every orifice and hole in my body, putting me at death's door. The last person I saw as I was loaded into the med-ex ambulance to take me to OHSU in Portland in a last ditch attempt to save my life, was my good pal Randy. Randy was a longtime friend, who had taught me how to surf. He was one of the best surfers I knew on the coast; but ten years ago, he was in a road bike spill that left him as a quadriplegic. As they loaded me into the ambulance, I was chuckling again. Since he was a quad, I'd always figured the chances were good that I would see his death before he saw mine. But, ironically, he was seeing mine. I just flashed him a peace sign and a smile, as the EMT pushed me and my gurney into the cold box on wheels. This started my long and interesting journey through the land of liver transplants. It seems that my freewheeling

lifestyle of the 60's and 70's had caught up to me. I had Cirrhosis of the liver and Hepatitis C. Yippee! I needed a new liver.

Let's talk about hospital visits. I have in the past thought of being in the hospital as a kind of mini retreat. You know, all the time being waited on. I get to read all day if I want, food and drink when I want it. Good pain meds, things couldn't be better. That was if I was in the hospital for some surgery or procedure. If you are really sick, then things are a little different. This stay with liver failure walking up my back was a lot different. I had time to think about my life and how I had been living it, what I wanted to do in the days ahead of me. I felt a range of different emotions, from great rage to intense sadness. Previously, I thought that I had some kind of centered understanding of how I would meet death when it came to my door. The questions that I had about death were not so black and white any more.

Those psychodramatic thoughts had to be the musing of someone else; my life had never been this deep before.

On January 2010, New Year's Eve, I was sitting in my hospital bed on the 9th floor of OHSU trying to get the floor nurses to let loose a little. I put a purple rubber glove on my head (I looked like a natty chicken) and tried to rouse some feeling of joviality on the ward. Nothing. As the night went on, a feeling of sadness crept into me, and a dark fog seemed to be floating into my innermost being. (Creepy!) I had a big feeling that I needed to talk to Gail because I was going to die. After trying to contact her at the hotel for the next hour (sometimes she answers her cell; sometimes she doesn't), the fog slipped out and a kind of peace filled the room. This was not the retreat that I was used to. In the morning, hotel hospital was back in gear. I was one with my world again. What was that anyway?



Fabricio Benavidez

A liver transplant: that's taking my liver out of my body and inserting the liver of another person into me. Wow! And you can do this with hearts, kidneys and large or small intestines. That's like having interchangeable parts. Here's the way it works. Before any screening or decisions are made, the receptor (you, the one who will get the liver) has to be drug and alcohol free for six months. Then the transplant clinic takes you through a battery of tests and interviews. The team checks your bone density your lung capacity and even your mental health. They check your wife's mental health. A transplant surgeon has a talk with you about the real mechanics of transplant. He told me, "Once that liver is out of your body, it goes into 'the bucket' and you can't put it back." His words were very real and straight forward. My heart felt like it dropped to my stomach.

before I can even get out of the parking lot; he says that I have a tumor in my liver, and it is growing very fast. Of course I have cancer in my liver; I just came from surfer's paradise, full of sun and energy. I need something to give me a good laugh! Zeman said that treatment of the cancer was possible as it was not outside my liver. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry; this took me off the transplant list until the cancer was gone or it spread, in which case, bye-bye liver transplant.

A couple of months earlier, Dr. Zeman had told me that there was some kind of growth on my liver but it was not very big. At first, this worked to my advantage in getting a liver transplant because of the way the waiting list works. There is a score called your MELD score which compares you to all the rest of those lucky people waiting for a

*{ Life is funny. Just when you think you have everything under control and figured out, a new rabbit jumps out of the hat. }*

## Transplants are final.

Before any of this was to take place, I had to have health insurance. Dr. Zeman, my herpetologist, (no, that has nothing to do with herpes), told me that, if I didn't have health insurance, the transplant process would not happen. Get it or die! Hate to bring politics into this, but, with Obamacare, insurance companies could not deny anyone with preexisting conditions. So for an outrageous price I got health insurance. This part of my tale is making my butt tired just writing it. Most of what is happening in this country in regards to health insurance gives me a pain in the ass.

Back to Mexico: I get to leave my wife and kid on the beach and fly home to rainy Portland for a CAT scan. Dr. Zeman calls

liver. My MELD score was initially 10 out of 40, but if there was any kind of cancer that would get me a score of at least 30. Sounds a lot like bingo, right? Or like poker, and the luck of the draw. Too much cancer or cancer outside the liver takes me out of the whole transplant program. It's like too much of a good thing makes it a bad thing, a very bad thing. In my case, the tumor was growing at an exorbitant rate. Too fast for transplant. Fighting cancer for the rest of my life is not part of my big happy plan.

Have you ever been left at home while the rest of your family went to Disneyland? Or maybe had a big trip planned which was canceled for some reason beyond your control? This is the feeling that came over me when I found out the chemo had worked and

my tumor markers were reduced to almost nil. There was a feeling of disappointment. I had already started on another big adventure, one that was going to start on the "other side". I know that I should have felt a great relief. After some time passed, I did feel that it was not the right time for me to "cross through the door to the other world," but at first I was disappointed.

Around that time, I had a friend, Kim, who had heard the news about me having cancer and only having a small time to live. She wanted to do something for me and maybe process the whole issue of death and dying for herself. So she threw me one of the best birthday parties that I have ever had. All my friends were there: such an abundance of love! They wrote these little love notes on colored paper and stuck them in a jar for me to keep always. It was hokey, but wonderful. I have never felt that much emotion going on at one time. The funny thing was that I was not dying anymore, at least not right then.

Sometime after the party, I talked to Kim about how she felt now that I was not dying right away. She said she, too, felt a little disappointment. She had been ready to process the emotions that went along with my dying and death. But she did have to laugh that things did not turn out quite the way she thought they would. Gail was greatly relieved that I was not dying then and, hopefully, any time soon.

Life is funny. Just when you think you have everything under control and figured out, a new rabbit jumps out of the hat. My new rabbit was some kind of a growth that was now outside my liver. I was kinda getting used to the whole process of cancer radiation. I had been through the routine twice, but this was not as funny since I didn't know what was going on and it seems that none of the doctors who were caring for me knew what the growth was either. Everything stopped, all treatment, everything. Tests need to be set up, CAT scans done. All this is great, but

I am waiting without knowing what course my life needs to take. I have to put my life on hold once again. And what I really want to do is get in my Honda, put my old board on top, head back to Sayulita MX, and say "kiss my butt" to all these doctors and tests. (My son Andy would laugh right now at his Daddy using the word butt). Maybe I will do just that, but right now I'll wait this thing out for a couple of months, to see if the growth is cancer, which would mean I get no liver transplant. Then I will run.

Then there's Gail, whoa! I have this person in my life who is my rock, and I like to think that most people have someone like her, at least I hope they do. My wife is my spiritual and emotional adviser and my best friend. All during this story she has been the one who keeps our family unit working and steps up to the challenges that come with this long unexpected story. She is strong when things get dicey, as in Mexico. My black humor slides off her back, and she keeps on being positive. This praise does not really cover all that she does in my life. When she can't be with me, she has set up a many layered support group that is always ready to help. I love Gail. I want to stay alive for Gail. I want to stay alive for Andy. I want to stay alive for myself.

Back to the story. Before any of this happened, this old surfer was going through life as life presented itself, or as Andy would say, just farting and playing my life away, which I must say sounds like a good way to live. I have been known to say that there is this "line" or path that I try to follow, some years I seem to stray from my "path", and other times I feel I am walking the true line. With death looking me in the face, I've had to examine my path more closely. I ask myself, "Self, what is it that you truly want to get from this life? How do I want my son, and the world for that matter, to remember me as a man. What do I want to leave in this world for those who will stay behind? And how do



Fabricio Benavidez

I want to leave this world and move on to the next?"

This story started out as a funny tale, the Adventures of the Interchangeable Parts: some sad experiences I can only wrap my mind around with bouts of dark humor. I have been forced to look a little closer at my path; I can now tell Andy that it is better for a man to stand and fight. Even if the fight is already lost, his freedom will not be lost. I want to tell Andy, there are things in our life that will make you sad forever, but you will have the strength to get through them and the sadness will be a part of who you are and become one of your powers. I want him to know that if you leave this adventure with a trail of love, you have left a great treasure.

I am glad that I see humor in my story. What else could I see? Humor is the way

I've always met life's emotional lessons, but it also means this adventure is something to look forward to. Not that I want to die or kill myself, but there is a part of me that always looking for a new and different "ride". What I am trying to say, Andy, is that this liver adventure is giving me more than a good story. I am getting a great wealth of lessons that could only have been experienced through a lesson like this one. In other words, Andy, what seems all bad could be a good lesson in living, surly lessons into the depth and nature of spirit.

How will it all end? Will Michael get his transplant? Will there be a life of cancer, funny treatments and such? Is it time to take the family and run for Sayulita, never to come back?

# WHAT HE NEEDS

## *Hazel*

Wrapped in golden lace, I offer you,  
a silver, skeleton-key, bound with ruby eyelet.  
A gift to tuck away in this wooden box I've painted  
blue. You, wrap your arms around me from behind.

I lean in—let you sweep my hair, spit on my neck,  
bring the blossom of last night's garlic. I circle,  
and reach for your chest pockets—swiftly  
you, stretch away. In the Cathedral Forest, I

turn away, from the promised place, just beyond the three  
hemlock-seedlings. Someone, has taken the key,  
locked you up in a Catholic mind-dungeon,  
or what I imagine to be, a brown, priestly-paneled  
basement. Just the same, you lead me in  
through the front warehouse door—tell me we can find  
the kind of pants I want. In hallowed remembrance,  
I follow. "Fuck your way to God," I whisper, as I sit

on top of your dark horse, who persists in trampling  
a fine whorl of wood-blooming trillium. I think,  
if one were to give an impoverished Balinese  
an expensive batik-wax-dipped-shirt, he would

probably thank you, but never wear it. He'd  
sell or trade it for what he really needs.

# FOOTBALL ENUNCIATED

*Phillips*

In the library, the room I call that, a space really at the top of the stairs between two bedrooms I came to be quiet to read a little and to write but tonight I left the radio on down below me in the kitchen the voice so clear and carrying talking about sports that I am not interested in but his voice, the coach, sounds so revealing sharing of who he is so progressively moving on down the field relentless, sure, intense but smooth as he is sure using words I don't understand like when you play point guard, when I was in high school, that is the next step, looks like as quarterback so steady and ready and always take the effort the management a lot of people how do you handle the rebuilding process no pauses yet flowing and measured like coaches committed to playing together never stopping answering a question I cannot hear but impossible to not hear

too late to waste time to go back downstairs to turn the radio off. I love this man, sight unseen, name unknown.



*Clarity*

Stirling Gorsuch

# PRAYER

*Jamie Dott*

Let us now pray at the Church of Stuff  
with its showrooms, aisles, and racks  
filled with all we want more of,  
have always dreamed of having,  
never knew we needed.

Let us pray that everything is on sale  
that we receive the best deals available (3 for 5, half off after the 50% markup)  
that all we already have  
is now worn out, outdated, out of style,  
ready for replacement  
with the new, the improved, the latest stuff,

Let us pray that our wallets are never empty,  
our credit always good,  
that we may always find more to buy,  
for we know  
that what we have  
is not,  
can never be,  
enough.

# MEMORY

*Maisie O'Bryant*

There is something in the way she sings  
Like someone long lost emerging from the rain.  
She walks on top of the universe blue,  
Born to graze night skies in her fall out eyes,  
She falls to the earth on a breath,  
A gift left lost to die in the autumn woods.

We ran away once, into a forgotten woods,  
Twisting the way love should sing  
To fit a less romantic pulse of breath  
That falls so sweetly with the rain.  
Half a world away we danced with new eyes,  
Our friendship, the sun, against rebellion blue.

How they dared to shove you into the blue,  
A butterfly stuck in a seaweed woods,  
Senselessly drowning and you can't shut your eyes,  
An open soul mournfully singing.  
Lovely bird soaked down in rain,  
A dreary decent, you fell into a land with no breath.

I'd fight my way through the sharks to give you my breath,  
A crackled slash through shackles to save you from the blue.  
And if all hope had been rinsed away in acid rain,  
I would clasp your hand in the haunted woods.  
They slash at your ankles when with you the world sings,  
Do not let their fire burn the brown from your eyes.

Fall away with me forever into shining eyes,  
Let's once again let summer take hold of our breath.  
On a brown patchwork farm where we first heard love sing,  
Fly away with me into dawn's warm blue.  
Oak's yellow fairies cover our woods,  
Dance with me into the pillow cloud rain.

There is something in the endless rain,  
Like a sleepless pair of brilliant eyes.  
She floats through the leafless woods,  
Born to give life with a single breath,  
She falls to the soundless blue,  
Crash landing, she still sings.

She loved to sing with the rain. Loved to find  
the blue survival in nature's eyes. She was a brilliant  
masterpiece, her breath whispering through fairytale woods.



Dueling Banjos

Frank Slepicka

# DAD SPEAKS TO ME

*Nathan Hightower*

Dad speaks to me in light switches  
“Do you think we’re made of money?”  
I hear him say  
As I follow his pattern  
Walking through the house  
Turning off unused lights  
Long after he’s gone.

Mom appears every time  
I pull another black plastic bag  
Out of the big Costco container  
That she left behind  
Lasted us a full year,  
I still think of her each time  
I pull a bag  
From the new box.

I commune with my parents other times too  
Every time I mix my tuna  
In the large glass measuring cup  
Instead of a bowl, just as Mom did,  
Each time I crisscross my baked potato  
With deep cuts before I slide butter on,  
Dad’s method, Canada style.

I see Mom in my  
Dining room table paper piles,  
Books stacked high  
On every flat surface  
Magazines spilling  
Out of baskets  
Living with words and new ideas.

I see Dad in Greg’s step building project  
I remember Dad doing the same  
At their cottage on Cape Cod  
Their early years  
Now  
Mirrored  
In our life at the Coast.

The serendipity  
Of us settling  
In the Pacific Northwest  
My parent’s goal fifty years ago,  
A goal never realized.

Dad never stepped foot in Oregon  
But he’s here now.

# CORTEZ WAS A BANDIT

*Pattrra Burnetto Monroe*

I didn't mean to plant a flag  
It wasn't my intention

Fleeting gestures  
Slight Impressions

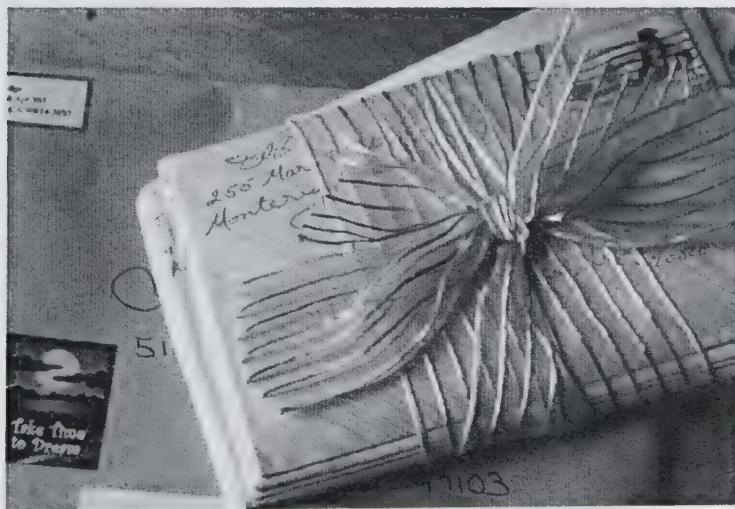
Harbingers of seduction  
We carefully forgot to mention

It wasn't my intention  
Honor has no stake in this

Nine/tenths is a tenuous possession  
Where love and conquer won't coexist

And our hearts remain mountains  
With richer veins of gold

And hands become wings  
Without a flag to hold



*Past is Prologue*

Catherine Al-Meten

# RUNAWAY CHILDREN

*Makanya Watson*

It was for a third or second time  
the child stumbled, but not quite lost  
and reached the place her brother stopped.  
They glanced upon the compass rose  
and lost the map he tried to hold  
in winds much faster than she.

Many roads slipped by before she  
lost her grip on the course of time.  
They feared at night they could not hold  
and told themselves all was not lost  
to the mist in the morning. A rose  
caught in current could not be stopped.

Pedals in stream flowed past a stopped  
car. The backseat offered no warmth but she  
told her brother before he rose,  
It only was a matter time  
before they were found. Their grip was lost-  
Someone else to have and to hold.

And still they could not lose their hold  
even when all else simply stopped;  
worse than before and still just as lost  
as the day they began. Tired, she  
pressed her frame against the mark of time  
and waited for her single rose.

Not a child, but still as a rose  
a sister sits in another's hold  
waiting for another day or time  
to steal away again. He stopped  
again by the stream thinking she  
recovered what they both had lost.

There was no cost. They were never lost.  
Pressed against the petals of a rose  
strayed into the night, the thoughts she  
allows herself amidst his hold  
stayed safe- kept bottled and stopped  
so saved for another time.

Lost in leaves and sky the tree trunks hold,  
she rolled off her back, sighing this time.  
“Hold me,” she said, and he stopped.



Holly Eckhardt



Jacki Hoard



Kimberly Sultan



Laura Fancher



Loretta Maxwell



Rachel Fackler



Rachel Sparks



Ronnie Hunt



Danielle Sherbaugh



*linoleum block print, 12x12*

Stirling Gorsuch

# WRECK OF THE GOAT

*Hagerty*

The best man I ever met had the best tits I ever saw.

In the end nothing else matters but going home. Any sailor that has seen his ship go down in front of him will tell you. They don't want to date models or get out of taxes or fly to the moon. They just want to go home. When they have nothing left to hang on to but they keep hangen on, if you're unlucky enough to be there, they will look you in the eye and shout through the spray that they just want to go home; they keep hanging on so they can just go home. I've heard 'em say it and then I watched them die. I was the only one survived. With nothing left but this story. Parts of a story, that I keep trying to piece together. But that doesn't matter. I'm going home.

The ship was named "The Goat" and she was famous at the union hall for being the end of the line. Ancient, creaky, piece of crap that had been waiting to sink for a dozen years. If the union hall sent you out on the Goat you either pissed off some one important or you sucked. I came to like it after a while.

Seafaring has always been man's work. I know times change, but it seems like less so on the Goat.

She was the worst cook I ever sailed with. I thought for sure we'd all die of starvation or food poisoning. The captain was gonna replace her after the first trip. But she was the only one Coast Guard certified to run the lifeboat. So we had to take her that last trip.

She was a looker. Cept she had these goofy looking'glasses that were so thick you could barely see her in there through 'em. They were so heavy that they used to fall off her nose. Sometimes right into the soup. She kept 'em on cords around her neck to keep 'em on. She couldn't see a thing without them.

Over time, the Goat had seen dozens of re-fits and updates in marine technology. Pipes and wires were always being strung from end to end and pulled out a few years later. So there were holes all through that ship. I knew of three in the walls of her cabin, but there may have been more. We all looked at various times and compared notes later. Even the captain.

They were incredible. God given real. Tipped with perfect pink caps. Shaped like the inside of two cupped hands. Cleavage like jazz notes; better for the perfect space between them. The starboard side hung very slightly lower then the port, but you had to look really hard to notice.

I hadn't said two word to her, when one night out of the blue she came to me and said she needed a favor. She asked me to meet her out on the fan tail at 9:52 pm sharp. I thought maybe... you know. I didn't get time for a shower, but I put on deodorant. I get out there early and she is already there. She told me to look off into the NE for a distant light passing over. And tell her when I saw it. Sure as heck. It was not like any meteor

or satellite I ever saw before. She had me point it out to her. I guess she was afraid she would miss it with her bad eyes, and she might have. Then she gets up on the rail and she unbuttons her shirt. From behind I see her shaking her boobs out over the rail. I had to look away. Not like that. She said it was the space shuttle. She said her boyfriend was on it. " Port window seat. Perfect for this hemisphere. Yeow! Too far to see though. But he knows." I never said nothing about it; or her space shuttle boyfriend either. I kind of chuckled when I wondered though. I hoped he wasn't the cook.

When she wasn't in the galley, she was in her life boat. Always with a clipboard and the manual. Fixing and adjusting stuff in there. It was just a pod, fully enclosed in a fiberglass cowling. It sat perched at an angle on the stern. The idea was, we would get in it and it would drop off the stern into the water. As long as the cowling wasn't breached, nothing would sink it. The engine was sealed inside it. She had a raised seat at the back and a bubble turret for her to look out.

If anyone knew what happened, they never had a chance to say. It had been storming for days. And we were almost home. The clackston blew me out of my bunk. There was fear in the captain's voice as he ordered " abandon ship!" over the intercom. You live and die in the seconds you use or waste. I got to the life boat in nothing but my underwear.

The only ones to make it to the boat were me, her and the oiler. Then we just sat there and waited.

The ship seemed to be coming loose under us. It made this noise. I swear to god it was crying. The sea tossed us, so I guess there was no steering. Loose gear rolled around all over the deck.

The boom at the stern had come loose and

was flailing around wildly. The first time it smashed down, it crashed right through the fiberglass cover and right onto the oiler seated across from me. When it bounced off, there was no head. Just a divot atop his shoulders. It took several seconds for his hands to relax and fall off the Fleming gear. I looked up at her. She just said "belt in".

As I grabbed for the straps I saw a shadowy flash. The boom crashed down again, right on her part of the cowling. The fiberglass fragmented, came apart and shattered loudly. The part covering where she sat was completely destroyed. Somehow she rose up through the jagged hole like she'd sat up from the grave. She looked at me. "Belt in. That's an order". She said it calmly but firmly. I did.

Now she was totally exposed to the elements. The shreds of torn fiberglass waved and fluttered around her in the hard wind. Sheets of pelting rain ran down those deep thick glasses. The stern of the ship rocked and bucked under us, like a man at the end of a hanging rope.

The next crash of the boom smashed the covering to bits, at the bow, but didn't hit either of us. With little more to do then fear, I began to notice strange details. The skipper, still in the wheelhouse on the radio. Flashes of light from somewhere. Her breasts. Her nipples prominent and firm against the soaked fabric of her sweat shirt. How uncomfortable a life jacket would be for her if she wore one. She moved only slightly in the tossing sea, belted into the raised captain's chair, from where she would run the boat. I was at first dumb founded when she took out a small compact. She opened it up and looked into the mirror. Then she held a flick knife up to her port side ear.

She held those thick glasses in her teeth. I wondered where the cords were. She leaned

into the mirror and blew spray away from the glass. Then she pushed the point of the knife blade completely through the upper part of her ear lobe. Any blood was quickly consumed by the wind and the spray. When the knife came down, there was a slit hole clear through. She did the same to her starboard ear.

Then she took the stems of her glasses and pushed them through the holes so they sat

*I was sure we were doomed. Water just kept coming in faster than the pump could handle.*

snugly fixed to her face. These things were done so matter of factly that I hardly noticed them at the time. I jumped back into the moment only when the radio squawked. I could see the skipper in the light of the wheel house. The phone was to his ear and he looked right at her. She started to say "But sir..." Her words were cut short when the boom crashed down again, tearing another huge hole in the covering. When it lifted off she said "Aye-eye sir. Boat away. Godspeed".

With that she pushed the release button and the lifeboat slipped back off the skids and into the deadly sea. We were already half swamped by the time we bobbed up.

"Take up that pump". We were taking on way more water than the pump could handle, but I didn't know what else to do.

The engine kicked in and she throttled up. But we were sinking. I figured we had maybe five minutes, maybe less. With one hand she gunned the throttle as we climbed up the steep slope of the waves. Letting off

at just the right moment, before the crest of the wave broke onto us; Deftly idling down the other side as slow as possible. The other hand gripped the wheel, with which she found fleeting scoot holes and open spots in the maze of conflicting currents and flows. Finding our way through that jumble of breakers was like threading a needle blowing by in the wind—in the dark. Those streaming lenses peered into the night, like she had x-ray vision.

There were occasional flashes of light. I recognized the rotating beam of the light house. It stabbed in and out of the storm, like a cruel taunt. There may have been lightning. Maybe some light came from the Goat somewhere. The last I saw of it, it was floundering and listing bad, but I never saw it sink. What I saw in those flashes of light made me prefer the darkness.

Angry sea. Twenty feet from the peak to the trough. No rhythm—all random. We spun and rocked and kept taking on water no matter how fast I tried to pump. As the boat set lower, it became more unwieldy.

She was an artist. She had an instinct for finding breaks in the fray, just small enough for the boat. I couldn't hear the engine in all the storm noise, but I could feel the vibrations through my feet.

I was sure we were doomed. Water just kept coming in faster than the pump could handle. She seemed indifferent. Intense, but steady. I felt doomed, but OK. She had the job of the boat. All I had to do was pump. And catch glimpses of those perfect breasts in the flickers of light.

Then I started to hear a bell, like far off. In tones that seemed familiar. I thought they might be the church bells of my youth, coming back to me at the moment of my death. But they were too rapid and irregular. Not lazy like Sunday morning bells. And I

stayed alive.

I had a doorknocker at home and I used classic rock ring tones. The only other bells I knew were on the channel buoys that led like bread crumbs in and out of the river. In and out of the sea.

It rang like danger. Clrang! Clrang! It rang like fear. Distant I thought, but then a buoy was right there, just at the bow. Tethered to the bottom, firm and fine. Tossed by the waves, but sturdy as a house. The water in the life boat was up to my hips now. I realized what she was doing.

"Fix a short rope round your waist". I was a half second behind each word. There was plenty of rope at hand. I found the perfect length.

"Get to the bow. When I land you on that buoy, tie yourself on".

Working through those waves was one thing. Holding a half sunk boat on a thrashing sea, next to a tossed buoy, would be the greatest act of seamanship I had ever heard of.

Maybe it was desperation, but I was beginning to think she could do it. By the time I let go of the pump, roped up and moved to the bow, only the gunnels were above the water line.

She made the bow draw right up to that buoy like a gentle teen-age first kiss. All three moved together for the second it took me to scramble onto that slick surface and tie myself fast. It was the closest I'd felt to safe since the clackston blew.

That sinking bow slipped back down the trough. Then I only got her in brief glimpses. She was still only 15 20 feet away. But lost in the shifting hills and valleys of the churning water. Maybe I could see something of it out there, maybe not.

Then like a statue she rose up perched on her seat at the stern; all that was left of the

sinking life boat. She sat up tall in the saddle. She had a loop of rope in her starboard hand and swung it above her head. As the boat sank from under her, she was gonna lasso the buoy and save her self. The stern rose on the crest of a wave. She threw at the perfect moment. She could do anything. We were gonna go home.

She could do anything but throw. She threw like a girl. Kind of side handed from the elbow. The rope fell beside the boat like a flaccid penis. I couldn't see her eyes through those storm streaked glasses, but I think she kind of grinned.

Inevitably the rope found the prop. They always do. The other end was tied round her waist in a good knot. But she was still belted into the captain's chair. The rope seemed to come alive like a flame. It hissed out water as it stretched taught. Then I heard it screech like a wraith in mourning. Those waves of chance had tossed the boat right up next to the buoy. Right in my face. Again I could see the firm nipples of those perfect breasts clearly through the clinging wet fabric of her shirt.

Way too slowly for my memory, she was wrenched through the webbing harness seat belt of the captain's chair, leaving parts of her behind. As if following after her, the boat heaved slowly over and now only the stern of the keel bobbed in the fray. The propeller inverted into the flashes of light in that night sky. The only tombstone she would ever get.

The propeller turned slowly now. Idly. Her body tangled in the rope, cycled round and round with it. Less and less of her was recognizable with each slice of rotation. Parts of her were coming off entirely. Other parts were being scrapped away. Fluids squirted out of her where the pinch of the rope cleaved her. The bottom of the boat seemed to be chewing her like food in a monster's mouth.

Crushing. Crunching. Consuming.

Just like it was supposed to happen that way; the last I saw of the lifeboat hull and her, was in the distant flickers of search light from the rescue cutter. And by the time they got there, it was all gone. I hoped the bottom of the sea would treat her better than we did. An awful prayer for a mariner to have to make for a shipmate.

I was the only one left alive. Saved by her

courage and competence. One in a million mariners could have done what she did.

'If you work like a man and you act like a man, you'll get treated like a man'. I had heard that saying ever since I started in this job. If it were true, we'd have treated her better. She was the best man I ever knew. And she had the best tits I ever saw. I think about her a lot. Even still. But I don't think about them—much.



*The Needles*

Kathleen DeLand Peterson

# SANDY: NATURE SPEAKS

*Densmore*

Well she's finally getting angry  
And calling out her troops  
I've a feeling before she's done  
She'll teach the meaning of "recoup".

More often now she calls her general  
Who seems to ever stronger grow  
There's so much more than meets the eye  
Though some still think it simply wind that blows.

But he comes roaring with ever louder voice  
Even Wind holds anger here  
Our lack of respect is catching up  
We do have cause to fear.

Cause his foot soldiers, Driving Rain  
Are hammering everything in their way  
I think it's going to get ugly  
Before the end of this play

He's pushing his mistress  
Into raging waves and spray  
Surging where she's never been  
Puny man can't hold at bay.

How long will we tolerate  
The ones who totally disregard  
And sneer at those with warnings  
Of lessons coming hard?

We've been warned by learned men  
And even simple men of nature's court  
But we choose to blindly go our way  
Thinking it nothing of import.

How long will we endure  
The fossil fuel exploiter's greed  
The signs are all there for us  
Eventually there just won't be any need.

It's crime against nature and all humanity  
To continue our blindly destructive ride  
Eventually we'll find we've stood by and tolerated  
World wide genocide.

It seems like total insanity  
To allow things to go on this way,  
Everyone should raise a voice  
Or there'll literally be hell to pay.

For a long time she's tried to speak to us  
But now it's turning to a scream!  
We're starting to see a side of her  
Humanity has never seen.

Cause we've finally provoked her to anger  
And she's calling out her might,  
She's simply not going to quiet  
Until we set things to right.



# DECEMBER AT CAPE DISAPPOINTMENT

*Jeanne Schmidt*

All I have to do is step out on to the porch and I hear the ocean roaring. For some reason I can see three lights coming from the path to the interpretive center. For the last ten months I've seen at the most two, lately only one. It makes me wonder. Why haven't I seen that third one until now? I know one was fixed this week. I know too much.

The dog, Haida has been barking almost every night at the deer that browse the hill by the swing, thirty feet on the other side of the glass sliding door. I shared the first yard encounter just between the two of us, the deer and I. The second time I shared it with the kids, via flashlight. My three year old especially appreciated seeing it closely in the dark that is 6 PM, Ilwaco, Washington, in the middle of December. It's dark here. If it isn't, it's foggy.

Today, I walked in the densest rain I had ever been in, here at the coast in a decade. You could tell it had been sleet or hail a few hundred feet higher than the 200 feet above sea level I was at. The old gun batteries are still good for something; I ducked in the passage way, previously designated as the route for the shells and powder to meet the gun, in order to light my smoke. It's certainly not the first time I, or others, have done this.

The crabbers have to wait until at least the 31<sup>st</sup> to lay their pots this year, much later than years previous. I'm glad I don't have to count on a harvest of crab to pay my rent or Christmas presents this year. I just have to battle the age old enemy of boredom. "An idle

hand is the devil's workshop" was drilled into me at a young age and now I wonder what the crabbers are doing while waiting. It's none of my business I suppose.

The report is for a gale tomorrow night. We're hoping to get some groceries on the other side of the river before it hits. During the last storm, a semi tipped over on the bridge, oh yeah, and at the port, and there was that trooper's car that got slammed by a tree and exploded. I don't even think we've lost power since we moved here, yet.

I saw a non-bald eagle this afternoon, between storms. He flew from the south of the Cape Disappointment Lighthouse north, over my head towards Waikiki Beach. He had white patches under his wings and he seemed to be as big as a mature eagle. I got excited thinking it was some rare appearance of a

*I kind of hope the gale  
is a good one tomorrow.*

Golden Eagle. The bird book set me straight shortly thereafter. It takes Bald Eagles maybe three years to grow its white head feathers. Golden Eagles really don't ever have white patches even as juveniles. Oh well, live and learn.

It has been legal to dig for Razor Clams the last two nights here on the Long Beach Peninsula. We have not been even tempted to

try. As much as I love to eat clams fresh fried I can't imagine bundling up, grabbing the Coleman lantern and our "guns" to wander towards the angry ocean with our two kids, into the darkness to find a dimple. It's hard enough to find the clams, in the middle of the morning, without the rain or wind. I don't know, maybe I'm wimpy but my wife's curry stir fry tasted just great tonight.

I have to stoke up the fire now before it

gets too smoky; it's not as cured as I'd like it. Whenever the rain stops and I'm not working, I'm splitting alder, as small as I can. I love fire and the excuse to keep one. Maybe the power will actually go out tomorrow. Maybe the computer can take a break, and Netflix, and Facebook, and searching for jobs, and houses and the rain shadow.

I kind of hope the gale is a good one tomorrow.



*Norah Running to her Rocks in Beards Hollow*

Jon Schmidt

# A DAILY ASTORIAN

*Will Shively*

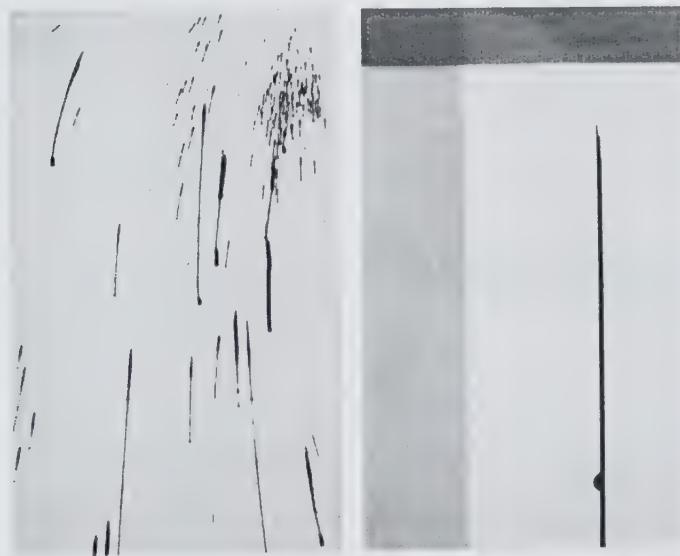
The bloated ocean,  
a regurgitant wind of kelp riot, blue jellies  
and seal spunk;  
the drunken choir of cormorant and plover,  
lost terns and puffin;  
the sun like a pickled egg,  
ranked clouds giving  
testimony on the ridge.

Knowing there is something unopened  
through all of these undelivered years  
she gives herself charms  
to find a warm, lit turn,  
artifacts to talk about on a moonless night  
though few ever shine a light.  
Fewer even ask.

There used to be two rivers  
cross this plain hereabouts,  
the season was too short,  
the soil was too poor,  
and they couldn't even raise potatoes;  
my great-great grandpa shot the milk cow,  
sick of elk and salmon.

Not so desperate she sipped around  
the slippery houses,  
then supped in her rooms;  
she would dance and  
she would dream, exalted as she can,  
then cast off again  
to reward, in any way she could,  
brambled cats along the bank,  
marqueed corner balladeering,  
the providence of strangers:

be it liquid laughing, counter shouting,  
or shouldering long tears;  
cursing the powers, the molasses  
of hours, or helping  
the kids, the kids and their fears;  
hoping the deckhands gentle down,  
hearing the delta in E flat hawsers  
the dock lights shufflin' at the turnaround.  
She had worked and she had wallowed,  
she had witnessed burned and served,  
she had gone the distance  
just to make it back.  
Now her course was straight and pruned  
leading nowhere, ever forward,  
to follow like her sky.



Lance Smith

# OLD GROWTH TOO

*Hessen*

I had, long ago as a college biology student, acknowledged comparable features between the skeletons of species which led me to concede their common Creator. It was, however, only in the aging process that I began to recognize the similarities between my mother and the Sitka spruce.

Mother never met a tree she didn't like. Mother was a tree-hugging environmentalist before it was a "green" thing to do. At her fully extended height of four-feet-eleven-inches, if she had chained herself to a tree, she would have saved little more than the root ball. If the city cut down a tree, it had better be prepared to face my mother with good justification. More than once, she convinced my father to pull the car to the side of the road and idle the engine while she hopped out with tears in her soft brown eyes, challenged the city workers and demanding an explanation for their chainsaw assault on a small grove of eucalyptus trees. Yes, my mother cared about trees!

When Mother talked of relocating from Southern California to Oregon, it was always the trees that grew straight, tall and close together on an alluring acre of land she described as enticing her away from family and friends in retirement. Did mother ever have the privilege of visiting the largest Sitka Spruce tree in the United States? I don't think so. If she had I'm sure she would have plotted some way to settle on the banks of Klootchy Creek in the giant Sitka's shadow.

The brown and white informational road sign posted on Highway 26 lured me off the

pavement and across the one-lane wooden bridge to get my first full view of the largest Sitka Spruce tree in the United States. In passing, at fifty-five miles an hour, I had seen her head pointing skyward above the canopy of the surrounding forest. Up close, she was magnificent, awesome—all 216 feet of her demanded respect. I was one of 95,000 visitors that year to walk around her massive 750 year old trunk. I knew I was in the presence of an extraordinary life form.

A few years later, in 1999, the stately spruce was struck by lightning and lost ten feet of her height. She continued to stand proud, taller than neighboring trees in Klootchy Creek County Park. From time to time, I read in *The Oregonian*, some other act of God had befallen the majestic evergreen. I stopped by to pay my respects.

The similarity I saw between the decline of the largest Sitka Spruce tree in the United States and my mother, who was now in her late eighties, awakened a sense of kinship between humans and conifers.

The Sitka, after losing ten feet to an electrical storm, continued to dominate the forested skyline. Mother diminished an inch-and-a half due to degenerative disk disease, but never shed her spunk or joy for life.

Mother lost one of her legs to diabetes; the old-growth tree had dropped numerous limbs and branches in blustery coastal wind storms. The skin on Mother's hands became almost bark-like with scars, growths, keratoses and discolorations.

Mother's once dark brown hair had turned gray and spots of scalp peeked through. Around the base of the spruce, piles of once green needles, now turned brown, had been blown into heaps against the trunk. Bare and balding branches hung on the lower part of the tree.

In 2006, a huge piece of the Sitka's bark fell off the tree where lightning had caused damage years earlier. A large, unsightly scar stayed behind, leaving the tree vulnerable and unprotected. The wound reminded me of the disfigurement which remained after Mother's mastectomy. Mother was always embarrassed thinking everyone could tell she had only one breast. I could not help but wonder if the largest, stateliest tree in the State of Oregon was ashamed to be seen in this marred condition.

A year later in a violent and aggressive windstorm, the Sitka spruce tree gave up. It could stand tall no more. The top 126 feet snapped off leaving an eighty foot stump. The brown and white informational sign came down. The visitors quit coming. At this same time, Mother had an irreversible shut-down

of her kidneys. Her visitors came one last time.

The fallen remnant of the Sitka spruce has been left in place to serve as a nurse log for future generations of forest giants. Sprouts are growing there today. Mother left behind my sister and me, our six children and ten grandchildren to seed forthcoming branches of the family tree with her traits, talents and traditions.

There is old growth in our future – trees and mothers. It seems to be the way things were created.

*In the year 2663, a young family who carries just a hint of my mother's DNA stops to picnic along the banks of Klootchy Creek. The child with dark hair and soft brown eyes leans her back against the magnificent, second-generation old-growth Sitka spruce tree. She feels its strength against her spine. In the quiet, she hears the whisper of wind rustling through needles high above her head. After lunch, she lies on her back and discovers, looking straight up, the top of the grand tree piercing the pristine azure sky. She is astounded by the tree's enormity. An ancient ancestor's love affair with trees is sprouting—re-created in this child.*



*Mushroom Morning*

Robert Rojas

# NORWEGIAN DREAMS

*Levivis Johnson*

(Thank you Leidner)

I love the round part  
and I love the pink  
part of the round.  
I love the crease of  
the round like  
sunrise steadily creeping  
toward black open sky -  
slow, then fast.  
And I love the sun's pull  
away from orange  
toward the tip of the earth.  
And I feel the long round  
pull then harsh push of the  
hard pink round.  
And I love the endless tip  
through the long black  
night like morning cranes  
taking flight into round orange sky,

# DREAM MESSAGE

## *Al-Meten*

Requiscat, let go  
Requiescre, let him rest  
Let her go, release



*Off to Work in Astoria*

Kim Taylor

# SEAMS OF LOVE

*Granlund*

There are little seams of love  
that shine through my window.

There are little drops of water  
that tap on my window.

There are many miles of laughter  
in memories that are shared.

There are many miles of sadness  
in knowing you're not here.

But in those moments when I miss you,  
my cheeks turn toward the sky.

And somehow in my heart I know,  
There never was a final goodbye.

On these cold mornings;  
When the sun peaks through my blinds,

I hear you whisper, "good morning,"  
In those little seams of love.



Kaylie Granlund

# WHAT WE MUST

*Shively*

we must be subversive  
we must remember that  
in the beginning there were tea parties  
that involved small groups of people  
sitting around, listening to jazz  
and smoking tea  
we must be more subversive than  
on line television  
or radio poets

we need to start poems  
in an indigene's heart  
rain pulsing  
a shopping list of evergreens  
and coupons that will free  
slaves with every purchase

crystal clear  
pontificators in Wellingtons  
the squelch of thundermuck  
under the press  
of iron sky

a quart of cedar  
on the fire snappling and corking  
as the ships come  
baritone in the fog

we need to get listeners  
to remember what has been  
forgotten  
and forget what they've  
been taught

we need to teach  
we need to reach  
down the throat of this voracious  
dichotomy  
and pull a gaggle of geese  
from the salon of shadow  
into versive light

# AFTER WE LEFT CALIFORNIA

*Mary Thompson* **Webb**



*There are around 10,000 people in Astoria. I remember being told when we moved here, that someone had to die so someone could be born. I don't know if I believe that but the population of Astoria does hover around ten thousand.*

*And no one is really indigenous. The ancestors of the Chinooks and the Clatsops made their way over and down to the North Left Coast via the Aleutian Islands. The Chinese also came from across the sea and now anthropologists say they may have been here much earlier than thought.*

*And the Swedes and Norwegians and Finnish came for the freedom and the fish. The Brits and the French came for land and furs and for their flags. And really, Astoria has been a grand melting pot over the last couple of centuries and continues to be to this day.*

*And folks still come to Astoria and fall in love with her and move here, to raise a family or start a business or retire or just run away from home and it takes them awhile to know*

*about lefse or what a gill net is or in what direction lies Dismal Nitch. And except for those who were born and bred here (and a fine bunch they are) all kinds of people from every corner of the world come to Astoria and settle in. And each of them has their family stories and their roots from another place.*

*My family of origin came from Texas and Canada via Ireland and Brittany and we lived in California when I was a little girl before moving to Oregon. This is a family story of that time.*

**I** have a black and white photograph of my baby sister and me take around Easter sometime in the mid-fifties. I know it's Easter because we are holding rabbits in our arms and my hair has been curled. We are standing in front of a white farm house.

My family lived in that house on the corner of Lawrence Road and the old Applegate Trail west of Eugene for almost ten years. I was sent away to boarding school

when I was eleven and after that, spent only Christmas and summers there. It was what I remember as home.

Every child, even those attached to rootless adults and no matter how often transplanted, remembers one particular place where they lived, clearer than all the rest. It is not the physical geography or the span of time that sears that visual image of "place" in our minds. It is being there, when as children we start to become aware, that makes it so vivid. The differences between ourselves and adults is like a picture slowly coming into focus. The parents are still the caretakers, the bottom liners, the buck stops here folks. But their frailties and flaws have started to show. Eccentricities. Mistakes. And the distancing that is part of growing up begins. Children carry that image with them. The place in that photograph, with the wide porch and sharp shadows under the eaves is the one I carry in my bones. Home. When I dream of being a girl, it is to that place I am taken. Ghosts and all.

In the photo, there is a shed to the side and back of the house. If you looked closely, you would see a man bending over in the doorway of the shed. His back is to the

underneath. I don't recall whether he found my father or my father found him but he was our regular handyman and dog shit shoveler during most of my growing up years. For periods of time, his wife, Mary, would housekeep for us. When she didn't work for us full-time, she did our laundry. Stacks of folded clothes and starched shirts on hangers traveled back and forth the three miles of gravel that stretched between our two houses.

My father ran away from his home and a new stepfather up in Saskatchewan when he was sixteen and never looked back. He knew horses and became a jockey and then a trainer and then a bookie. He worked in the shipyards during the war. There was a stint of labor organizing and some politics. For a period of time, he managed a semi-pro baseball team in Oakland. He was mayor of Marin City until they found out he wasn't a citizen and canned him. Later he opened a body and fender place somewhere in Northern California and slowly edged his way up to Oregon where he bought an old farm.

One of the good but heartbreaking things about my father was that he believed in the American Dream. And he wanted a piece of it. He believed his fortune could be built on

*The differences between ourselves and adults is like a picture slowly coming into focus.*

picture takers and their small celebration. It is Jess Driscoll, our handy man. He was in love with my mother.

Jess was old when I met him. A lifetime of logging, slogging in mud and working in mills had busted him. He shuffled around, still in lumberjack costume, wearing steel-toed boots and overalls. His body broken

our forty acres of old hay fields and apple and filbert orchards. Someone had once had a chicken ranch on the place and the lowslung building stood back from the house parallel to the highway. He and Jess slowly converted the huge coop into a kennel for dogs. My father bought a few Weimaraners, which were exotic back then and went into business.

Where he got the money, I have no idea. He could do that. Just come up with money. It did not come without one sort of grief or another. I see photographs of my mother at that period and year for year she looks much older than I do at the same age.

My parents had known each other for all of two weeks before they decided to get married. My mother was a Texas peach, an only child who had studied dancing all of her life. She was dancing in a club in Galveston when my father showed up. My mother was Scots-Irish, Protestant, somewhat spoiled and a reader. He was French Canadian and Catholic and spoke with a heavy accent that never went away. He was a pistol. And that was that. By the time they got to Oregon, there had been a lot of water under the bridge and five kids. Shortly after arriving, they hired the Driscolls.

herself. At least a half head taller than Jess, she stood that height in grace. Retired, she had been a school teacher throughout the farming country and small towns in Lane and Benton counties. Most of her life had been spent in one room school houses while Jess logged. They had two grown sons who also went into logging.

There was an honesty and decency about Mary Driscoll. She never gossiped, her voice had a plain sort of kindness. She could make cream gravy. Time allowing, she would answer questions that couldn't be posed to parents. Her frame house hanging over a stump gully beside Lawrence Road was cozy and well ordered. There were pictures on the walls and doilies on chairs. I still search garage sales and flea markets for a print that hung above her davenport of a little cottage in the woods with a light shining in the window.

*There is a quote I keep pinned to my bulletin board above my desk. It is from Pascal, written in the sixteenth century and it says, "The heart has its' reasons which reason knows nothing of." That is a comfort to me in that the human race has been coupling against all common sense for centuries.*

We always called Jess Driscoll "Jess." And we called Mrs. Driscoll, "Mrs. Driscoll." That's just the way it was. To call Mrs. Driscoll "Mary," her Christian name, would have been blasphemy of some sort and to think about calling Jess, "Mr. Driscoll" would have made us hysterical.

Mary Driscoll was a tall woman with long limbs knobbed at bodily intersections. She always wore a dress and a cardigan. Her face was lean, set with wide blue eyes, a straight nose and a prominent chin. As a young woman she had never been called pretty. She did have a sparse elegance in the way she held

After all the years spent with Jess, Mrs. Driscoll had somehow kept her dry sense of humor intact. She was friends with my mother in the way that women are sometimes friends, bound by the glue of living with men. I felt there was high regard between them.

There is a quote I keep pinned to my bulletin board above my desk. It is from Pascal, written in the sixteenth century and it says, "The heart has its' reasons which reason knows nothing of." That is a comfort to me in that the human race has been coupling against all common sense for centuries. Maybe it's an urge written in certain genes.

pools. Some weird and primitive directive for some of us to seek out and fall in love and produce children with someone who is not at all like ourselves. It was so with Jess and Mrs. Driscoll. And with my parents.

We saw less of Mrs. Driscoll though and more of Jess. He was at our place during the weekdays doing this, that or the other for my father. He would bring his lunch in a dented black lunch box carefully packed. Those lunch boxes introduced my sisters and me to the mysteries of rhubarb pie and pork chop sandwiches.

Jess was in our lives very much as he was photographed in that picture, in the background. He referred to my mother as "the Missus" and would come into the house if invited for coffee or sit on the porch to eat his lunch. The rest of the time he would be out working in the barn or the kennels or up in the fields. At the end of the day, he would fire up his old Fairlane and head up the road towards home.

On weekends, especially on those he got paid, Jess drank. He never drank in our house but he would show up there. And when he came, he brought my mother presents. His car would pull into the driveway and we would see him slowly making his way to the house. He would knock on the door, his face red and smiling and say he had brought something for "the Missus." And there would be fifty pounds of Blue Lake beans or a smoked ham or an armload of flowers. And my parent would have him come in and make him drink coffee. One of them, usually my mother, would have to drive him the three miles home. It was a ritual. My mother told me that Mrs. Driscoll would meet her at the car door and together they would get Jess into the house and into the bedroom and into bed. During all that labor and time, the two women would

just make small talk. Neither of them ever mentioned Jess or the fact that he was drunk. Not a word.

When I was around ten, my parents thought I was old enough to watch my sisters if they went out. On one particular summer evening, they had driven into Eugene to play cards. The house was quiet. The smell of cut hay drifted through the screen door. I saw the lights of a car turn in and heard the crunch of gravel in the driveway. It was not my parents, it was Jess. I turned on the porch light and went back to the kitchen to start the water for coffee. I heard his car door bang shut and then I stood out on the stoop to see if he needed help.

"I've brought the Missus a little dog" he said.

The porch light shone down on Jess as he reached the steps. His right hand was wound with a chain and at the end of the chain was not a dog but a small bear cub. The little bear was not very old but strong. It was putting up a struggle. The fear in the cub's eyes made me forget my own. It was just a baby. Jess tied it to the porch post and came in and sat down. While the coffee was making, I called my mother and father. They came right home.

We had that bear for a month or two. They said it would be mine. We tied it to a tree in the front of the house and it drove all the kenneled dogs mad. My father ended up giving it to a family called Bickford who lived further up in the coast range. The Bickford's were kind of wild. Someone told us that they had taught the bear to teeter-totter and then that it had gone mean on them and they had shot it and eaten it. Jess never did tell where the cub came from. He always just told us that he had "won it."

# OCTOBER RAIN

*Tennis*

If you see a grinning maniac  
bicycling in the rain  
that's me!

After the long, dry summer  
my skin and my soul  
thirst for the water  
as much as the dying trees.

Raindrops on my hands  
turn from fairy footsteps  
to tiny daggers,  
building with the storm.

Soon a steady stream of water  
drips off my hat  
as I tilt my head forward to write.  
I, and everything around me  
are connected to the sky  
by thick, straight strands  
of white watery yarn.



Mackenzie Darnielle

# PORTAL

*David Filer*

The alder's lowest branches and wild roses  
growing beneath frame a portal, lawn leading to  
shadowed water, then to shining ripples out where  
there is sun, then to red cannery grass turning  
golden as the summer stretches into August-  
more than enough room for barn swallows skimming grass,  
then water, for insects, and later, when their sight  
is reduced by darkness, for bats to take the route.

The space holds so much, lets so much searching through.  
My thoughts fly off the porch, dart under and into  
the beckoning spruce beyond, not sure where they'll be  
once they've passed on through, not sure if they'll find food, not  
sure if they'll return to me once they've had their flight.

## SYNOPSIS: PUGET ISLAND SPRING

Every weather now. It's Spring.  
Here in mid-river,  
Bare cottonwoods turn green,  
Rain makes us shiver

'Round they come, 'round again-  
Cycles that matter.  
Swales and long pastures turn green,  
Cold makes teeth chatter.

# BURIED WITH THE PIGS

*Bono*

My mother's decent into dementia went into a free fall the day she ran away from her assisted living home.

Her purse slung over her arm, she rapidly pushed her walker down a long sloping, molehill booby-trapped lawn, across a shallow ditch, and up a gravel driveway, hollering at the top of her lungs as she made her bold escape. "Call 9-1-1! Call the police! They're trying to kill me!"

I heard her as I stepped from my car, the entire scene unfolding in slow motion. The young woman who co-ran the home was chasing after her, the land phone in one hand and her own young child pressed tightly to her hip with the other hand. "Stop, Gerri! Come back!"

I took a shortcut across the lawn, then discovered the drainage ditch was deeper here, and abruptly stopped. I held out my hand to the young woman, who dropped the phone into her sweater pocket and reached out to help me over the ditch.

"Mom!" I stepped in front of her and held out my arms, but she ricocheted away, taking off in another direction like a hard-hit billiard ball.

"You can't go in the house! You'll never come out! They guard the doors! They'll kill you, too!"

Two women from the neighboring home stepped in her path.

"Call 9-1-1!" she yelled at them.

They looked at me, and out of Mother's line of sight I shook my head. "It's OK Mom,"

I said calmly. "I'm here now."

The neighbors retreated, and the caretaker headed back for the house where her second toddler and another client had been left unattended. "I've already called the police," she said. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be," I told her. "My mother clearly needs help."

I didn't think Mom could push her walker back up the hilly lawn, so I began guiding her down the neighbor's driveway and out to the paved street. Once there, she pulled away and took off at a rapid trot, right down the middle of the road, once again screaming for the police.

For a fraction of a second, I admired how strong and fast she was for an 81-year-old woman, hurriedly shoving the walker in front of her for balance.

Another neighbor, out working on the engine of his truck, radio blaring, lifted his head just long enough to ask me if she was my mother. I assured him everything was under control, but I knew in my heart Mom's distress was far from over.

I had to get her across the well-traveled road, so I put my arms around her, and began pushing her and the walker hard from behind, steadily toward the other side. Thankfully, two cars sped past in the other lane, and the next car down the street was a police car.

The officer pulled into the driveway of the assisted living home, got out of his car, and calmly leaned against the driver's door.

"Thank God you're here!" shrieked Mom. "They're trying to kill me!"

He looked from Mom to me and asked in a flat-lined voice, "Do you know this woman?"

I nodded. "Mom's a little paranoid delusional today. I need to get her in the house so she can take her anti-anxiety pills."

Mom flung herself at the patrolman. "Let me into the car! They can't kill me if I'm sitting in the back of your car, can they?"

An ambulance pulled in behind the patrol car. "Gerri, what's the matter today?" asked the EMT driving the vehicle.

The officer looked at the EMTs with interest. "You've been here before?"

"Day before yesterday," said the man emerging from the passenger seat. "We took her to the hospital and had her all checked out, and there is no kind of poison anywhere in her system."

"You remember us, Gerri?" asked the driver. "You called 9-1-1 and waited for us on the porch with your purse and coat on in the middle of the night."

approached. "Do you need any help getting her back inside?" he asked.

"Get him away from me!" screamed Mom, cowering next to the officer. "He's the one behind it all! He's the one who's giving me the pills that are going to kill me!"

"Perhaps you'd better let us sort this out," said the officer to the caretaker. "Your presence seems to be further agitating her."

"The man" went up the house steps, and turned to look back and watch, but Mother wasn't satisfied until he was inside the house.

"I ran away to save you," she said to me. "You can't go in there; they will kill you too."

I looked at the EMTs. "What do I do now?"

They already had Mother's Physician's Assistant's number listed in their phones, so the driver walked away from us and called her. Meanwhile, Mother was explaining to the police officers how she knew it was time to make a break for it.

"The man, he read me the paper. He waved it in front of me and he read, 'Geraldine, your days are numbered. We're

*"You can't go in the house! You'll never come out!  
They guard the doors! They'll kill you, too!"*

Mom nodded, but her voice climbed another octave. "And after that, they took away my phone! They won't let me call anyone any more and they're guarding the door so I had to escape when the man left to go to the store and the woman can't watch both exits."

"The man" returned home right then and looked incredulously at the scene in his driveway. He drove past the patrol car and the ambulance, parked his truck, and quietly

going to kill you and cut up your body and put it into sandbags and bury you with the pigs. No one will ever find you, Geraldine."

The hair on the back of my neck rose. Where was she getting these ideas? Had she recently watched the "Wizard of Oz" and seen Dorothy fall into the pigpen? Was this a flashback to her pre-school days when her own father raised pigs?

The EMT returned and gave me directions

to a hospital where they would take her "on a 72-hour hold." "We'd take her in the ambulance, but we'd have to charge you for it, so if you think you can handle her, you can take her in yourself."

I went to my car and drove it to the edge of the long driveway. I got out and held open the passenger door. Mom backed away from me.

"I'm not getting into the car while it's still on his property!" she insisted.

I pulled the car out onto the side of the road just as another patrol car arrived. "You okay?" he called out to the first officer.

"The situation is contained," the officer called back.

*Contained? I thought. He calls my mother's*

*emotional state contained?*

We finally got Mom into the car and one of the EMTs folded up her walker, which I now ruefully looked upon as Mother's all-terrain vehicle. He placed it in the backseat and gently pressed the door closed. "Good luck," he whispered.

I ran around the car and got into the driver's seat. As soon as we were under way, Mom nodded several times and said, "I knew I could count on you to see through that man. He was going to kill your mother, but you got there just in time."

*Just in time? Just in time to be the sibling who was responsible for committing our mother to a hospital mental ward? Gee, thanks, Mom. Thanks a bunch.*



*Under The Bridge*

Sanders Howse

# POCKET ROCKS & FONDLESTONES

## *Troy Knoll*

For GLG, geologist.

Her toddler's hand pinched  
the first fondle stones  
as sparkles in salt water,  
green or black basalt pennies.  
We squirreled them in pockets  
gritty with sand,  
pinched in place to pave  
our garden path with rock money.

Hand warmers, flatnesses  
from secrets, places, and promises,  
worry stones for a thumb's ease.  
A hand need never be empty or alone.

She understands each  
veined or water tumbled  
like nothing else on earth, singularities,  
jewels juxtaposed with scents  
of barnacles, seaweed, sand, and sea.

Those pocket rocks grew  
to bowlfuls; cracked yellow  
cookie mixing bowl, last of a graduated set,  
stainless steel from Goodwill,  
white enamel stewing pot.

I house old bowls  
of bold stones. Mother keeper  
of the rocks.

# A DAY AT THE BEACH

*Dustin Fleming*

Shifting sifting sand  
A cushion for ten digits  
Caressing, soothing  
    Fowl genius indigenous scavengers  
    Skittish pack of bread-thirsty wolves looming  
Poseidon's rhythm  
Enchanting all five senses  
Massaging the mind  
    Oblong fabrics floating clinging to string  
    Hoping and wishing to someday fly free  
Little deities  
Forming civilization  
To be washed away  
    Blinding yellow beams falling  
    Swallowed by water, resting  
Cities form from fire  
For libation salvation  
Vacation complete.

# THANKS FOR WHAT

The night before the carcass is picked clean  
Pilgrims and Indians stand hand in hand  
Giving thanks for breath and the chance to dream  
Time is nothing more than a grain of sand  
Purposely forgotten once it's fallen  
To be remembered a year to the day  
Bounty of food and a belly swollen  
Red cheeks and chatter keeps the past at bay  
The bird is the word smothered in gravy  
The freedom that's given was first taken  
From the poor naive natives grip, maybe  
Tragedy's always better with bacon,  
Turkey, taters and green bean casserole  
This conscious is clear, but still miserable

# THREE HAIKU

*Mary Martin*

## Deregulation

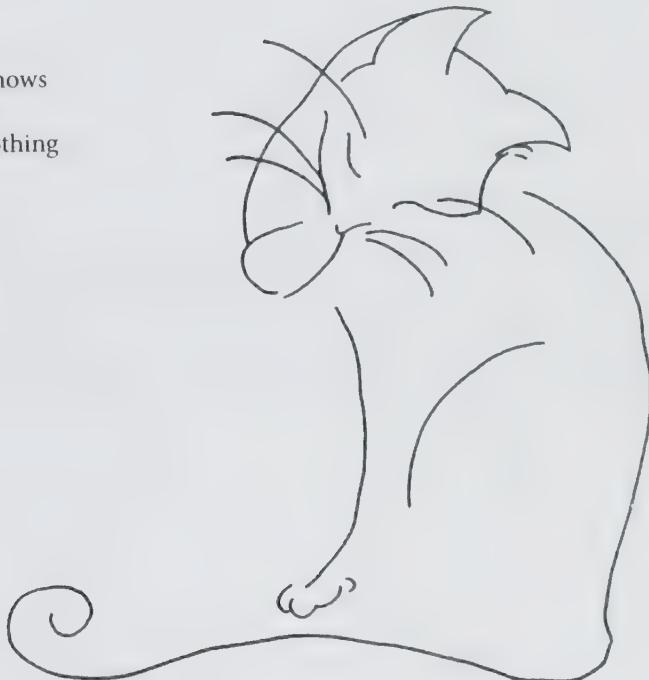
Without rules and refs  
Games are won by bullying  
Incorporated

## Mountain Mange

A patchwork of scars  
The once luxuriant fir  
Has no chance to heal

## Conundrum

To write what one knows  
Precludes possibility  
When one knows nothing



Catherine Loyd

# SUBDUCTION

*John Skinner*

On the brink  
we abide,  
summoned by the surge.

Deep beneath the sea  
quakes quiver,  
faults flutter.

Earth's crust could slide,  
collide at any moment  
pulling us in, under.

We are  
still here.

Pacified by bottomless  
blue and horizon  
we retire,

backpack, hard-hat,  
sturdy shoes and flashlight  
by our bedside.

If earth disrupts  
while dreaming,  
will we awaken?

We, at ocean's portal, yield.  
Hands pressed together,  
eyes turned downward.



*Tongue Point with Arrow*, Blaine Verley

# WORLD FAIR

*Louann Noller*

they will paper  
entire city blocks  
with posters  
calling you to the carnival  
to the last and greatest show on earth  
Soandso's & Soandso's  
"End of the World Apocalypse Extravaganza"  
at the Expo Center  
the hype will be intense

the doomsayers will be there  
waiting in line  
months in advance  
big smiles on their faces  
as for the rest of us  
we'll all get the day off  
by a stroke of luck  
and there will be a place  
or a TV set  
for everyone

it will start dark  
and a booming voice will suggest  
cellphones be silenced  
and hard candies unwrapped

there will be a short pyrotechnic display  
then the show will begin

the walruses will come  
with their mustaches  
the walruses will march  
three times around the tent  
they will set the mood  
one of them smokes a corncob pipe  
his name is Harold.

the elk will tango  
with fruitcake and  
your Aunt Betty will cut in  
and then things will start to get strange

a man will take the center ring  
six gorillas will open his chest  
and smash his heart to gelatin  
all will go silent  
as the corpseman there lies  
then stands  
then loves again  
at the sight of the woman  
in aisle 3 seat F

then there will come an amateur juggler  
he will drop one of his bowling pins  
he will be so embarrassed

at this point you will purchase a hotdog  
or popcorn  
from the concession man  
conveniently passing by

then the band  
and what a band  
elephants on trumpet  
lions with banjos  
sea lions with chorus gowns  
men with souls  
chihuahuas on kazoo  
and a dormouse  
from a wheatfield outside of Wales  
on a custom gemstone xylophone  
and so on

and while marmosets fly trapeze  
and clownfish drive tiny cars  
you will think to yourself  
this isn't so bad  
why there's no hellfire at all  
and all the goats have harps  
ordinary numbers of horns and legs  
and nothing is grotesque at all  
except that soandso or soandso  
seems to be overcompensating a little  
and you'll be lost in these thoughts  
when you notice a performer  
amidst the chaos  
the jester in the limelight  
half in half out of the spotlight  
choking on a sword

but before and as you shout  
the music will come to crescendo  
men and women will come to their feet  
in applause  
everyone rising  
the parakeet conductor bowing  
curtain falling

the man on your left asks your pardon  
he has to get by  
he needs to take a leak  
the old woman on your right  
loudly asks her girlfriend  
"is it intermission?  
or was that it?"



*Predator and Prey*

Sea Crews



Makayla Watson, *Danke Schön*

# I HAVE STEPPED OUTSIDE OF MYSELF

*Phyllis Mannan*

-The Wiz

I'd pull a costume over my head and slink  
across a stage. Pull the cape to my neck.

Let green shades sprout from ears,  
delicious schemes roil under a hat.

But the lovelorn costume maker won't  
re-sew a stitch—won't restore

the scarecrow torn in capture  
or replace the pin in the tin man's heart.

Windows crash, broken roof shingles  
shatter through the scrim.

The wizard must toss away his suit. Pieces  
of his city fly out on either side of the set.

You've got to peel off all your clothes,  
he says, to find out who you are.

I think he's wrong—my self  
a sack of straw holding a crown.

# COUSINS OF THE HURRICANE

*Doyle*

Want to hear a September 11 story that has nothing whatsoever to do with murder and terror and fire and horror and everything to do with wit and creativity and courage and wonder and love? Yes? Okay, then:

Just as the first tower crumpled, and a roaring hurricane of ash and debris and shrapnel started to rage through the streets, a guy stepped off the curb and looked to his right and saw the hurricane coming for him. Like anyone else in that astonishing situation he was, for an instant, utterly flummoxed; why was there a boiling gray thunderous cloud coming down the street? Then what he later called his lizard brain kicked in, the deep layer of the brain that has propelled us mammals sprinting past danger for a million years, and he realized it didn't much matter that he understand *why* the cloud was coming; it mattered that he get out of the *way* of the cloud right quick. He steps back onto the curb, but just as he does so he sees, out of the corner of his eye, a woman running in front of the boiling cloud. She is carrying a baby maybe six months old.

The man on the curb has a newly appreciative eye for the approximate ages of babies in arms, because he is the proud and exhausted father of a daughter seven months old yesterday, and he has many times remarked to his proud and exhausted wife recently that suddenly he *sees* babies everywhere in a way that he never used to see them at all, it's like suddenly there's a baby every other corner where there never were any before, it's like a *plethora* of babies, and additionally now that he

is a dad he feels a sort of fatherly thing for all these other babies. I feel like they are all vaguely my kids too and I am like on the dad backup crew or something, he has said to his proud and exhausted wife, and she smiled, because she knows exactly how he feels, and because it's hilarious that he feels this way, whereas *before* he was a dad you could have put babies in his *shoes* in the morning and he wouldn't have noticed.

The man on the curb, the new dad, had been a football player in high school, and almost in college, too, he was the last receiver cut from his college team, and the coach agonized over that cut, because the guy had terrific hands, but just didn't have the big-league speed you need to get open at this level, and the man on the curb said later that some aspect of his football experience took over the instant that he saw the woman running with the baby, because he felt his body tense, as if the ball was about to be snapped, he said, and he stepped back out into the street, right in the path of the hurricane, and shouted at the woman to *Throw me the baby! Pass me the baby!* And to her eternal credit, as he said later, she *did* it, she didn't hesitate or think it over, maybe she played football too somewhere, like powder puff or something, and she knew that hesitation is when you get smoked, because she didn't even break stride as she tossed the kid to me, and I caught the kid and stepped back up onto the curb again and back behind the wall just as the hurricane went by with the poor woman buried in it somewhere.

Everyone talks about miracles like they

come from above, said the man on the curb later, but I think they come from inside people. I think miracles are when people just do something for someone else without thinking about it. I think *that's* the miracle. Like this lady didn't even think about herself, she thought about her baby first. She was ready to die for her kid. Maybe that's the *female* lizard brain at work, but me personally, I am thinking miracle. Me personally I think the more stuff like that lady happens, the less stuff like September 11 happens, you know?

When the lights came back on, said the man on the curb later, it turned out the woman had been knocked flat by the hurricane and she got skidded along the street some but she wasn't hurt really badly, some serious cuts and scratches but nothing broken, and no pieces of stone or metal hit her, and people helped her up, and I gave her the baby back. The baby was

a girl too. The lady said thanks but she could hardly talk for all the dust in her mouth and all over everything. You've seen the pictures. I never did get her name or the baby's name either. But every September 11, I think about that kid and my kid, how they're the same age, and how they're linked, you know? Cousins of the hurricane, something like that.

So there's a story you should know. You say you collect stories about all the amazing grace and courage that day, trying to prove that the murderers were idiots and the people who reached for each other were brilliant and what we are at our best, well, there's a story for you, and it's not *my* story, either —it's that lady not hesitating to save her kid, that's the story. You want a story about courage, tell *that* story. She knew the hurricane was going to nail her but she was not going to let it catch her baby, *that's* for sure. Also I think that's a good football story, sort of.



Dorodango

Terry Shumaker

# UNTITLED

*Leigh Stentz*

There are deeper  
rhythms that we must  
dance to  
other than the calendar of events  
our culture prescribes.



*Happy*

Jessica Morrow

# CHOICE

*John Owen*

The gauze of morning fog turns the sun to moon.  
The teals and widgeons asleep,  
bob on the incoming tide which is riffling the bay.  
The water's movement stirs the salmon  
to their upstream song.

I am looking for a sign,  
going or staying,  
asking, must there always be a journey?  
Could one vantage be the answer  
while others meander by  
on their preordained paths and trails,  
orbits and currents, lines and traces?

Perhaps there is no choice,  
like the sumac nearby  
sending its red feathers aloft  
at the whim  
of the first chill draft of Fall.

# SACRED AND PROFANE

*Leanne Nizami*

I remember the shallow clearness running over dark smooth small stones –

Rivulets in verdant Georgia woods

I recall foam frothing over my feet standing in the wave-washed clean brown Oregon sand  
Rolling Pacific breakers rise beyond

I recollect the sudden spray, the soaking shower surprising me, shaking droplets  
windblown from a Yellowstone geyser  
The temperamental offspring of hot springs

But most of all, I recall the green foreboding mass of frigid swells and algae bordered  
by dead stinking alewife-fish

Beige sand filled with cigarette butts, and iron filings which I collected with  
a magnet as a boy

That was the Lakeshore of Toronto and I'm glad I moved to cleaner waters.



Kristin Shuack & Tim Lidd, *A Wilder Beauty*

# WIND PAPER

*Playfully Mannan*

**B**ehind our family's vacation house in Sunriver, Oregon, four back yards form a clearing. Tall ponderosas, lodge poles and shimmery aspen surround a flat area of needles and bunchgrass. The lack of fences and hedges means we can see into our neighbors' back yards. For many years, our next-door neighbor fed the deer in spite of warnings from the Nature Center they would never learn to forage for themselves. We enjoyed watching deer come and go from the feeder.

As usual, I sat in a blue canvas director's chair half-under the slatted wood canopy next to our house. A doe and two fawns chewed what looked like bird seed. Brown deck boards warmed the soles of my bare feet. A sudden breeze shook the aspens and moved on. I wrote in slanted cursive on a journal in my lap, *Gentle sounds: a door closing, a mourning dove's hoo, a grasshopper's rasp.*

David, our thirty-five-year-old son with autism, came from inside the house and sat next to me, looking out at the scene. "I like this beautiful day," he said in his monotone. Since he mixes up *I* and *you* and almost never talks about his surroundings, I took this as a subtle attempt to mind-read: I, Mom, like this beautiful day. That's why I'm sitting here.

"I just love the outside, huh? I like the weather, yeah I do." Maybe he was talking about himself.

A deer ran toward the river. "Run away, deer."

A newspaper page blew off the small table. "Wind paper." I quit writing about the

beautiful day and started jotting down his comments, more poetic than usual.

"I hear the wind calling." He *was* keyed into the wind.

"I like the wind, too," I said. For once, we were sharing a moment deeper than the physical aspects of our lives.

As far as I could remember, David had only talked about wind twice before. The first time was when two double-trunk maples plummeted in our yard in Portland. "We'll stop the wind," he'd insisted. When two men arrived to cut the trees for firewood, he'd pleaded, "They won't cut the trees. They won't!" The second time was when he and I had walked to our house from the beach in Manzanita, on the north Oregon coast. One block back from the ocean, he'd said, "No wind." I imagined he was wondering, *Why?* After thirty years of visiting the beach every few weeks or months, had he just noticed that strong winds abate when blocked by trees and houses?

In his late twenties, he'd begun stringing words together as adjectives: "Want to go to the brown Oak Hills lunch-dinner restaurant." (He wanted to eat at the Oak Hills McMenamin's.) "Building a new road-crossing street." (He'd noticed the new road at the bottom of our hill.) These were attempts to explain. But his phrase *wind paper* seemed playful. So did his statements "I hear the wind calling" and "Run away, deer." They were far removed from "Mom will make chicken for dinner," his usual level of conversation.

I looked at the glistening leaves and needles in our clearing. Was it any surprise they might create a pocket of sunlight in us? Too often, David had been forced to live in

the space his mind made him. This time he had made his own space, and it was light as wind.



*Lake Chelan Under Clouds*

Carol M. Smith

# WHEN THE WEST STAGGERED

*Micah Dugan*

There once was a possum,  
caught, castrated and bleeding  
outside the Ripley's museum  
in Las Vegas Nevada,  
a paradise of skunk fever  
and drunk crystal neon epiphany.

The Possum was in a bear trap,  
steel claws of a benzedrine fantasy,  
an outlier,  
stuck out into desert time like some  
mental midget christ straddling a tumbleweed  
to the frantic frontier...  
How the West committed suicide.  
How Davy Crockett was lobotomized.

And I lay down, even with the pavement  
and look into the possum's eyes--  
marble cataract oblivion--  
they roll back,  
and his phantom ascends  
in a firelight hearse,  
a chemtrail obituary  
left in the fossilized sky.

The first time I shot heroin  
it was a horrifying euphoria,  
an immaculate void,  
the gnarled teeth  
of a deathtrap set  
in the center of a burial ground.  
The centre cannot hold,  
and even William Butler Yeats  
never knew the needle,  
and never was a possum  
baking under heaven's glow.

# DRIVING PAST CLATSKANIE THINKING ABOUT RAYMOND CARVER

*Scott Starbuck*

Rusted trailers and broken engines remain  
but so do evergreen shades  
in the old growth,  
and hovering shadows of August coho  
just in from the sea.



*Door Front Parking in Cathlamet, WA*

Kim Taylor

# IN TRIBUTE: A REMEMBRANCE

*Mark Verley*

My father joined the Army on December 31, 1942. It was his 18th birthday, and his mother was both grief-stricken and livid. It was her belief that FDR had deliberately gotten us into the War, and the President was to blame for all the sorrow visited on American families across the land. Less than 3 months following Pearl Harbor my dad's older brother, Austin, the first-born of my grandparents three sons, had been killed in action when the USS Houston, a heavy cruiser and US flagship of the American-British-Dutch-Australian naval forces in the Pacific, had been sunk by the Japanese main fleet in the final engagement of the First Battle of The Java Sea. Officially, at that time, Austin was still listed as missing in action. From all accounts it was an almost impossible mismatch, and some might argue it was a suicide mission – just get in the way and try to slow the invading enemy forces down while the remnants of the US Navy struggled to regroup to find some way to counter the Japanese offensive in Indonesia. I'm certain my father's biggest motivation in joining was to make his way over to that theatre of war to see if there was any possibility of finding his missing brother.

To make matters worse for my grandmother, her baby brother, Clyde, by all accounts the most musically talented of the Chapman family, was also MIA. In actuality he was already a prisoner of war in the Philippines, which may have been worse than the alternative. Although he survived

the Bataan Death March of 1942, he was not the same man after the harrowing seven days' march. As living witness to the inhuman cruelty visited on his fellow prisoners by his captors, Clyde's only recourse after his liberation and return to the States was to lose himself in the bottle, and he succumbed to the effects of a constant alcoholic stupor used to deaden his mental anguish and sorrow just fifteen years after the war. My only memory of Uncle Clyde was playing Crazy Eights with him at my grandparents' house in Westport in the late 1950s. To my five-year-old eyes, he seemed jovial and care-free. He never played music again.

Dad signed up for the Army Air Corps, still under the auspices of the US Army, and must have been secretly delighted to find himself headed south on a crowded troop train, steaming from the biting Missouri cold to the sunshine and militarized luxury of Miami Beach, Florida. Bivouacked at The Breakwater, one of the dozens of beachfront hotels the military had taken over in early 1942, had to have been a surreal experience for this rangy six foot plus farm boy from the Ozarks. Miami Beach basic training led to some interesting juxtapositions. Tensions were high on the southern Atlantic Coast, and it wasn't unusual to see the smudge of a burning freighter on the eastern horizon, victim of a German U-Boat's deadly torpedoes; and the thought of an Axis amphibious invasion, or at the very least a small force of German saboteurs landing

to infiltrate and wreak havoc among the burgeoning American war machine, was a constant concern.

I can't begin to imagine what it must have been like for the locals to have this invading army of American soldiers taking up every available space to put their recruits through the rigors of combat training: on the greens of Miami's finest golf clubs, stringing barbed wire obstacles around gun emplacements along the white sands of the most famous American beach of the southern Atlantic, and camping out in their most desirable luxury hotels, the traditional winter getaways of upper middle class northerners. For my father, who had never ventured more than a hundred miles from where he was born, it was an unforgettable experience.

Like many from that generation, Dad never had much to say about his War years

when I was growing up - but when we could get a story out of him, it became a cherished memory. One that I recall him telling more than once must have come during those months spent in Miami, though the revelation of his having trained there didn't surface until he was in his eighties. A drill sergeant who had been demonstrating hand-to-hand combat techniques and dispatching recruits with practiced skill asked for a volunteer to try to throw him. Dad got up and into the ring, managed to get the drop on the veteran sergeant and knocked him cold. This farm boy from Humansville, Missouri not only had Hollywood good looks, he was also one lucky and cock-sure kid.

Still, even though he never really spoke of it, the loss of his older brother and mentor must have torn at him every waking hour. Austin had been the all-everything athlete



*Lost Souls Reflections*

Misty Brown

of the family. My grandmother had brittle yellowed news clippings saved in a velvet-lined box along with his Navy service medals and the Purple Heart eventually sent to commemorate his loss in combat. The papers were mostly box scores from a small town paper, listing her son as the leading scorer in every basketball game he played in. Sometimes he scored every point for his team. And they never lost a game. Dad, almost three years younger, was always the also-ran, the guy with the wry smile and quick non sequitur. He said he quit catching for Austin in high school because his fastball

even one ensconced in downtown Miami beachfront hotels, involves a high-level of security. With the threat of Nazi domination of Europe spilling across the Atlantic to the East Coast of the US, every on-duty soldier was on high alert. Stories of German mini-subs landing on American soil were occasionally verified by the capture of German soldiers, and there was even a prisoner-of-war camp there in the vicinity of Miami. One night the men in my father's barracks were awakened by the roar of heavy machine gun fire from the beach right in front of The Breakwater Hotel. Looking out

*With the threat of Nazi domination of Europe spilling across the Atlantic to the East Coast of the US, every on-duty soldier was on high alert.*

had such velocity his hand would swell up so much he couldn't fit it in the glove. In the Navy, competition was a big deal, and Austin was the first string pitcher on his battle cruiser. I always wondered if he could have had a career in the Majors had he survived the war.

I wish I knew a little more about those months my teen-aged father-to-be spent in the Florida sunshine, before he was shipped to Louisiana to begin training on the air-sea rescue boat that became his first assignment after the long troop transport trip into the South Pacific. One story I learned later in Dad's life, after the first signs of his mental gears beginning to slip and grind, dredging up old memories out of a long-suppressed reservoir even as his short-term memory kept him bemused and befuddled, left an indelible impression.

A part of any military encampment,

through the blackout curtains of the windows facing the ocean, they could see tracers ripping across the sand into the characteristic domed shape of what appeared to be a small submersible vessel emerging from the waves at the waterline. Grabbing their gear and vaulting downstairs hoping to get their first taste of combat, eager recruits, hearts racing and legs pumping, spilled out onto the sand, shouting to the sentries in the fortified bunker 30 yards in front of the hotel.

"Private, what's all this racket?"

"I'm not sure, Sarge. Jensen said he saw something coming ashore, and when we hailed it and asked it to stop, it just kept coming. We radioed the Lieutenant and he said if it didn't stop, blow it out of the water. We fired a burst over it, then...followed orders." Cautiously, a large group of half-dressed young men, weapons ready, followed the sergeant forward towards the smoking

hulk lying immobile in the gently lapping waves of the Atlantic.

"Aw, Geez. Men, lend a hand. Let's drag this thing up on the beach." A half dozen soldiers leaned over and gripped the armored hulk, riddled and split by 50 caliber ammunition, and began dragging the thing up towards the front of the hotel. Muffled laughter and swearing surrounded the cortege as they marched back up the beach and stopped in front of the gun emplacement. "Here you are, Jensen. Your first combat kill. 'Soon as you're off duty, you're going to clean it and cook it, and that's an order," bellowed Sarge. "I hear turtle's delicious."

My father went on to serve admirably in the Pacific theatre, first on the swift air-sea-rescue boats, really modified PT boats, searching for downed pilots and survivors of sunken vessels. It was a gruesome job for the most part, and one I'm certain he grew weary of. I'm sure it probably confirmed quickly the unlikelihood of ever seeing his older brother alive again, even though he sailed into some of the same harbors in the vast Pacific the Houston had entered before her last voyage through The Java Sea. Claiming chronic seasickness, my dad won a transfer to an air transport division and was on the first C-47 to land back in The Philippines after MacArthur regained the islands in 1944. At some point earlier, while in New Guinea,

he was in the mess hall cooking vegetables and guinea fowl he had bartered from the local villagers for the famous General, and acknowledging compliments for his culinary skills.

And once Dad, who mustered out of the military as a staff sergeant, even reminisced about commandeering a jeep and driving with a buddy all around the Island of Honshu after the surrender ceremony aboard the Missouri, marveling at the neatness and efficiency with which the Japanese had groomed the landscape to suit their needs. He said it was the cleanest place he had ever seen. I never heard any hint of racial hatred towards the people whose war machine killed his older brother before his 21st year during the savage shelling and torpedo attack against the crippled and overmatched Houston, just after midnight on the first day of March, 1942. Austin, assigned to the engine room, never had a chance to escape the bowels of the vessel as it rolled over and was struck by two more torpedoes, sending it swiftly to the bottom of The Sunda Strait. 700 men, including my uncle, lost their lives defending what had been FDR's favorite warship. Rest in Peace, Ralph Austin Verley. My father, Rex, died peacefully in his sleep June 14th, 2009, dreaming, perhaps, of days slipping by like languid water under the silvery surface of the sea.

# COSMIC LOVE

## *Alchemical Sage*

Isn't this cosmic, she said,  
me running into you like this,  
cosmic because I've been thinking  
about you and hoping to see you,  
can you believe  
my psychic says we could be twin souls?

It's cosmic, what else would you call it,  
that I looked in the window  
of the bookstore just at the moment,  
the very same moment, this moment  
of ours that belongs to us,  
when you walked by and glanced up  
at the window and met my eyes  
just before you looked away,  
imagine, how crazy, how close it was,  
it almost didn't happen, you know!

It must be the holographic unity  
consciousness I've been practicing  
to balance my chakras and harmonic chants  
and concentration on my pineal gland  
and shade-grown herbs that support  
relationship to mend isolation,  
resolving my yin and my yang  
-you can look it all up-

how I've accessed the time-space continuum  
breathing upward through my spine  
and found the musical octave of consciousness,  
the tones on the vibrational maps, with six series  
I've gone through of teachings and practices  
and all the initiations I've undergone,  
you wouldn't believe it.

Now I intuit you can see it's done me good,  
reversing my aging to youthing, just look,  
and raising my success through abundance  
meditation, as I've shed my attachments

to my personal history and released  
all my trauma in favor of synchronic order  
and the science of time.

And it's in time that we manifest here, you and I  
together in the seventh year of prophecy,  
this day the seventh of May 2000 Gregorian,  
so I see no choice for us, do you, standing here  
on practically the same square of cement,  
300 days exactly from the last alignment  
but to speak out our joy in naked voice,  
like swans in love under the eye of the sun.



Kristin Shauck

# ON GETTING OLD

*Downing*

My mind is crowded, but it's quiet. Where have all the whispers gone? My head is filled with faces. I walk slowly, carefully, with hesitation...my body is a bowl filled with sacred water, and should I stumble, the bowl would spill and all would be lost.

But all will be lost, certainly in time, because loss is the substance of change. We die, brave men and fools alike, and we are transformed. The earth beneath our feet was once the heart of a general. A broken shell is the courage of a coward. A drop of rain is the blood from a broken heart.

Perhaps then a flower is a mother's womb. And the roar of the sea is a father calling to his son. The scent of springtime surely is a lover's kiss.

And maybe that's why I can't bear an empty, clear blue sky. It makes me think there's no one left to help me, no place left to go.

What can I say? The years have thrown themselves against me like hailstones in a storm. My hair shouldn't be so gray, my skin so pale, I know that fruit darkens when it rots, why can't a man be the same? My own heart is being buried in the sand... there seems to be no peace without darkness.

I lay with a girl once long ago on the hood of a Buick and told her I loved her. When I awoke she had stolen my car. I lay with a girl in the back of a church and told her I loved her. When I awoke, she had changed her faith. I lay with a girl in a cheap hotel and told her I loved her. Before I ever got to sleep, she had changed her sex.

Many more have stolen my pride

and taken my heart, though I've given both willingly. I've loved women from the beginning, from the picture of my mother that formed in my mind, as I lay peeking out from the bars in my crib, watching her come for me in the morning; to the picture of another woman (far different), smiling from between the staples in a magazine.

I'm looking out on a ribbon of sea, beyond the ancient sky that takes the sun at close of day. What a wonder! There is air out there still waiting to be breathed. Maybe tomorrow the earth will turn around and run the other way, maybe then I'll get to do this all again.

Someone is coming, walking slowly up the beach. Hold on! I think it's a woman. Quickly now, I check my shoes, they both match. My laces are tied, not held together with paper clips. My zipper is up, not looped around my belt with a rubber band...

She's coming closer, please, let this one be less than eighty. Sixty will do, fifty even better. I can't imagine going to bed with someone my own age...

I feel self conscious, all of a sudden I turn away, my back against the wind. Look at yourself, I say out loud, you look like a cartoon. My ears are big as wind sails, my nose is a pitted moldy sponge, my cheeks are wrinkled as an unmade bed. I feel like a prune.

I pulled my collar up against my face. I looked down at the woman's feet, she had on a pair of short gray rain boots.

"You look a little lost," she said. I looked up quickly, she was smiling, maybe eighteen or so, she had her hair pulled back blonde in a ponytail behind her head. Her face was

shining, her nose was rosy pink. "I thought maybe I could help."

I waved her off and headed back to the safety of the dunes. Who owns these spotted hands I see, this wrinkled face? More than once I've buttoned my coat to my shirt. I've forgotten to take the comb out of my hair. One time I had toilet paper hanging from the back of my pants, blowing in the wind. I've climbed into cars that belonged to someone else; I've driven off loading ramps and into

the ocean. Plenty of times I've mixed up the addresses on packages and mailed things to myself. I left the stove on once and burned down my kitchen; a few months later I filled the coffee pot with lighter fluid and burned it down again.

Life is good when you're old, but it's not better. I'm going home now, a long way from the house where I live. I need to remember the day I became a man. I'm going to see if I can change it all back.



*Tender Love*

Catherine Al-Meten

# THE OLD FISHERMAN'S FAREWELL

*Philip Hardin*

The old fisherman had a tear in his eye.  
His life was fading fast.  
“I spent many years on that magnificent ocean,  
but all that's in the past.

“My back is bent now and I'm gettin' old  
and my steps are pretty slow.  
But my soul still feels the pull of Mother Ocean.  
God, I'll miss her so.”

He hobbled slowly down the dock  
and stopped by the Tiger Blue.  
“We fished together for many years,  
us and our mighty crew.

“But you're somebody else's boat now,  
and here's my wish for you.  
Find the richest fishing grounds  
for your skipper and his crew.”

He hobbled slowly back up the dock  
thinking about the past.  
The old fisherman had a tear in his eye.  
His life was fading fast.

Phil Mancill, Jessica



## CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

**CATHERINE AL-METEN** is a native Oregonian currently residing in Alderbrook, Astoria. An author, photographer, journalist, and spiritual counselor, Catherine's work reflects her connection to the beauty of the natural world, and living along the river.

**KAELA BAKER** prides herself on finding the mystery and magic in every place that she has lived and visited. In the few short years that she has lived here she explored the river walk, the shops, restaurants, and the "all powerful column" as she puts it. When she happens to have her camera with her, she tries to capture how she sees to show the world.

**JAN BONO** is a two-time winner in the *Coast Weekend*'s serial mystery chapter contest. She is seeking an agent for her cozy mystery novel set on the southwest Washington coast. A frequent contributor to *Chicken Soup for the Soul*, Jan has also written numerous one-act plays. Check out her work: [www.JanBonoBooks.com](http://www.JanBonoBooks.com)

**MISTY BROWN** lives in Knappa, Oregon with her eight year old daughter and her two dogs Pabst and Maggie. Brown enjoys photographing the odd and unusual parts of life.

**DAVID CAMPICHE** was raised on the lush Long Beach Peninsula and is purely Northwestern at heart. He has spent a lifetime exploring the glades, mountains, and water paths of the Pacific Coast. Campiche's works have been published regionally, and he is currently working on a novel about the Haisla Indian Culture in Northwest, British Columbia. He is also a splendid chef and likes the taste of his own cooking.

**JEREMEY CARROLL** was born in Yakima, Washington and raised in Astoria, Oregon. Jeremy graduated from Astoria High School in 1994 and is currently a student at Clatsop Community College.

**JOHN CIMINELLO**'s poem, *This Cheap Apartment by the Tracks*, is 15th in a series of 99 love poems to Patricia, his wife. His previously published works include a chapbook, *Shrine Above High Tide* (2009) and poems published in various publications including *Mentor*, *The SUN*, *Salal*, *Squid*, and *Brooklines*. His interests include dahlias, Daedelus, the Alhambra in Granada, autism, and brown pelicans.

**LYNN CONNOR** grew up in flat land and saw her first mountains when she was six; upon seeing them she promised she would some day live by the mountains. For Connor, some day was more than fifty years later when she and her husband moved to Oregon.

**CHEYENNE COSME** is a sophomore at Global Learning Charter Public School in New Bedford Massachusetts. Although not from a fishing family, her poem *Grandfather Fisherman* demonstrates her aptitude for putting herself into other people's shoes. Cosme won first place with *Grandfather Fisherman* in the New Bedford Working Waterfront Festival poetry contest.

**DAVE DENSMORE** has been fishing for over fifty years after growing up in Kodiak and Alaska's Aleutian Islands. Trolling, crabbing, seining, trawling, Densmore has fished in every way. "Dangerous Dave" has also kept his pen moving for nearly twenty-five years, publishing two books, a CD, and performing his poems at the annual Astoria Fisher Poets Gathering as well as other venues nationwide.

**JAMES DOTT** is a long time resident of the North Coast, with a three year exception teaching second grade at an international school in Malaysia. He and his family returned to their home in Astoria in 2012. Dott has published over the years in *RAIN* and other journals.

**WAYNE DOWNING** is a sixty-two-year-old retired bookseller who spends his days on KMUN Radio's *In the Mood*. He writes a monthly column for *The Chinook Observer*.

**BRIAN DOYLE** is a dad, a dad, a dad, a husband, a son, a brother, a friend, a citizen, an editor, and a writer, in that order. He edits *Portland Magazine* at the University of Portland. Doyle's most recent book is the sprawling Oregon coast novel, *Mink River*.

**MICAH DUGAN** is a 2010 graduate of CCC and 2012 graduate of Portland State University. He has been published in *RAIN* and *Pathos* magazines and has also contributed freelance writing to the *Coast Weekend* and the *Daily Astorian*. For the past year he has been performing stand up comedy in Portland and Astoria because nothing in the world is more poetic than unrestrained human laughter.

**BRUCE DUSTIN** has spent the past twenty-one years teaching English, Spanish, and journalism in the Warrenton/Hammond School District and is newly retired. He has been published everywhere from local newspapers to national magazines.

**DAVID FILER** lives in Portland. The poems he writes are all set in the landscape of Puget Island, where he has a weekend house. Filer's poems have been published recently in *Windfall*, *Backstreet, 4 and 20*, *Third Wednesday* and *The Prose Poem Project*. His most recent books are *Housekeeping*, a chapbook of sonnets and *The Fear of Love*.

**DUSTIN FLEMING** is a Kansas seed growing in Seaside sand, blossoming into a handsome beard.

**STIRLING GORSUCH** is a student at Clatsop Community College. Printmaking is his preferred means of artistic expression, which he hopes to pursue professionally after obtaining his associate's degree in spring 2013 from CCC.

**KAYLIE GRANLUND** grew up in Ocean Park, Washington and has grown to love the art in taking photographs. Her mother Debra Granlund, who passed away in 2005, also loved the art of photography and inspired her daughter to take pictures even at a young age.

**JOHN HAGERTY** grew up in Warrenton, Oregon. He describes himself as a razor's edge drifter, poet, playwrite, comedian, beach bum, and proud penta-genarian.

**PATTY HARDIN** lives in Long Beach, Washington. She writes haiku and looks forward to continuing participation in the Fisher Poets Gathering. Hardin is always looking to add shark-related items to her collection.

**KIMBERLY HAZEL** is a teacher's-aid at Astoria Middle School. She has been writing poetry since taking Nancy Cook's poetry-class a handful of years ago. She enjoys reading sociology books and contemplating human behavior.

**KAREN R. HESSEN** is a speaker and freelance author, with dual residency in Seaside as well as Forest Grove, Oregon. Specializing in inspirational non-fiction and humor, Karen writes the monthly column "Out of the Ark" for the *Seaside Signal* and the *Lincoln City News Guard*. Karen Hessen has been published in *RAIN*, four *Chicken Soup for the Soul* anthologies, *Guideposts*, *Vista*, *The Mothers Heart Magazine*, *God makes Lemonade*, *The Secret Place*, and *Seeds of...*.

**KATHIE HIGHTOWER** is the author of several novels including, *Simple Joys: Little Things That Make a BIG Difference*, and *Jump Into Life! Work/Playbook: A Journal for Discovery & Delight*. She is also the co-author of *Help! I'm a Military Spouse* and *1001 Things to Love About Military*.

**Life.** Hightower is also the co-founder of the Manzanita Writers' Series and is a frequent contributor to the *North Coast Citizen* as well as other publications worldwide.

**SANDERS HOWSE III** (Sanders Wadsworth) is a resident of Naselle, Washington and a full time student at Clatsop Community College. In his spare time, he works with experimental, sustainable power and building solutions on his family's property. Wadsworth's other projects include his shipping container home (the first of its kind in Southwest Washington).

**ALEXIS JOHNSON** is a former Tongue Point Job Corps student and Clatsop Community College graduate. After living three years in Astoria Johnson returned to Portland to get her Masters in teaching. She is very excited to finally begin exploring the ever-changing world of teaching that she has worked so hard to become a part of. Johnson wouldn't be where she is today without the inspiring teachers and instructors she adored at TPJCC and CCC who showed her how to work hard and follow her heart no matter how much it hurts.

**TRICIA KNOLL** is a poet based in Portland, Oregon. Writing for a living, her repertoire includes annual reports, brochures, press releases, and speeches for politicians, however, she holds a passion for writing poetry. Currently studying in the Athenaeum program at the Attic Workshop in Portland, she has seen her poems published in *RAIN* and the *Muddy River Poetry Review*.

**MICHAEL LINK** is a full time liver of life, student of arts, and family man. He moved to Astoria from Seattle many years ago to find some serenity and peace. Here he has found enough time to write and surf which is certainly a lot more fun than fixing copy machines!

**CAT LOYD** is the sassy feline avenger of Clatsop Community College, aka: Cat-Woman. Secretly she fights to save the citizens of CCC. She is also the reason behind some mysterious disappearances of salmon from docked boats.

**TIM LIDDIARD** is a painter and printmaker who can also operate an excavator and make a mean pot of beans. Like many, he lives in an old house in Astoria.

**PHYLLIS MANNAN** lives with her husband in Manzanita, Oregon. She has had poems in *Cloudbank*, *The North Coast Squid*, *The Oregonian*, *RAIN*, *Stringtown*, *Willow Springs* and other Northwest publications. Mannan's nonfiction story, *Pot Roast Coming Around the Clock*, was published in *A Cup of Comfort for Parents of Children with Autism* and her essay, "The Echolalia of Literature," appeared in *A Cup of Comfort for Writers*.

**JESSICA MORROW** is a Warrenton High School graduate and is currently attending Clatsop Community College with an interest in photography. Morrow's photo "Happy" was taken for a project in an effort to describe the life of a ten-year-old boy and to expresses the happiness and enjoyment of playing outside.

**GRANT MARSHALL** is twenty-eight years old and was raised in Clatsop County. He enjoys poetry, photography, and drawing.

**NATE MARTIN** recently moved to Astoria, Oregon and is happy to have regained Internet access. "Tethered to his trusty Labrador, Brother Nature is lost in thought."

**PATTRIA BURNETTO MONROE** enjoys writing and is easily amused, especially now that she is a grandma.

**LANCE NIZAMI** has no formal training in the arts. He is active in the world's most competitive profession, yet without an institutional appointment or income. Nizami started writing poetry during a long airplane flight in 2010 and has written many more in-flight poems since then.

**LENNARD NOLLER** is an adventurer poet with many journeys to his name. Between these journeys, he often winters in Astoria because he is certifiably insane. Noller yearns to one day circumnavigate the globe by sail on a mission of art, service, and discovery. We'll just have to see about that.

**MADISON O'BRYANT** is a junior at West Salem High School. She enjoys writing, dancing, and is fluent in Spanish. She has a great passion for music and says more than anything else music has helped her get to where she is today; through the good, bad, and just every other normal day.

**REBA OWEN** is a Northwest poet and graduate of Oregon State University. She is the author of *Quarter Past Moon*, a collection of poetry. Owen's specialty is the natural world and how it can symbolize and represent human behavior.

**KATHLEEN PETERSON** graduated from Clatsop Community College in June 2007 and soon after started her own business, KP Graphic Arts. In 2011 Kathleen received *Building Block 2010-2011* award from the Seaside Chamber of Commerce. She enjoys working with local businesses, helping them grow with the use of the websites, brochures, print advertising, and social media.

**ANNE SPLANE PHILLIPS** has published three chapbooks, along with the book, *Haiku: Seasons and Salads*, and her most recent book: *The Red Sea Parted, But I Wasn't Present*. She was co-editor and contributor to the anthology, *Windblown Sheets: Poems by Mothers and Daughters*, and has been published in *RAIN*, *Stringtown*, *Hipfish*, and *American Anthology of Poetry and Prose*. Phillips lives in Astoria, coming to the North Coast in 1986 from Michigan, and is retired from private practice as a psychotherapist.

**ROBERT MICHAEL PYLE** has lived and written in the Lower Columbia estuary for thirty-five years. His seventeen books include the Willapa Hills classics *Wintergreen* and *Sky Time in Gray's River*. Pyle has recently completed a collection of poems and is currently working on the tenth draft of a perpetual novel. Botanist-weaver Thea Linnaea Pyle and two peculiar tuxedo felines share an old farmhouse with him.

**LULU QUINN** is an artist and designer, who draws, doodles, paints and creates colorful images on anything and everything. Quinn's enigmatic images come from a planet far, far away spinning in one of the many galaxies residing within her own mind.

**BRIAN D. RATTY** is a retired media executive and graduate of Brooks Institute of Photography. He and his wife, Tess, live on the north Oregon Coast where he writes and photographs the rugged and majestic region. He's always in search of images and stories that reflect the spirit and splendor of those spectacular lands. Ratty is an award-winning historical fiction author of three novels: *Dutch Clarke: The Early Years*, *Dutch Clarke: The War Years*, and his latest book, *Tillamook Passage*. He is currently writing his fourth novel, *Destination Astoria*, which will be released in September 2013.

**BROOK REICHERT**'s family moved to the Northwest when she was ten years old, and she couldn't imagine growing up anywhere else. Reichert loves to take hikes with her family in the mud and perpetual rain and exploring the glorious landscapes of the Northwest.

**ROBIN REID** lives with his spouse in a 90-year old house in Garibaldi that they have spent the last 14 years renovating. Robin enjoys writing pieces full of youthful folly.

**ROBERT ROJAS** is a resident of Warrenton, Oregon, and is currently a student at Clatsop Community College. In his spare time he enjoys reading, writing, and simply enjoying the scenery in the state of Oregon.

**JON SCHMIDT** has lived and breathed the Columbia-Pacific for over ten years. He is currently chewing on the marrow of it all, so don't be surprised if you don't see him around. Schmidt is finally exploring some new beaches, fresh trails and old growth. He will be missed.

**KRISTIN SHAUCK** is a figurative painter who teaches drawing, design, and painting at Clatsop Community College. She is the founding director of *Au Naturale: The Nude in the 21st Century International Juried Exhibition*. Her colleagues often comment on her uncanny resemblance to Frida Kahlo.

**BILL SHIVELY** is a teacher at Astoria High School, a union member, and has been writing and performing poetry since 1974. Do the math.

**TERRY SHUMAKER** was born February 13, 1944; from then on everything went blank.

**TELA SKINNER**'s dream of living near the ocean came true when she and her husband Michael retired in Manzanita, Oregon five years ago. She enjoys writing, reading and art groups in the spiritual community.

**FRANK SLEPICKA** is a retired military man attending Clatsop Community College to improve his education. He spends his off time with his wife and dogs.

**SCOTT T. STARBUCK** is a Creative Writing Coordinator at San Diego Mesa College with a new chapbook of fishing poems, *River Walker, at Mountains and Rivers Press* in Eugene. In February 2013 he will be an Artsmith Fellow on Orcas Island.

**LARKIN STENTZ** is an internationally renowned musician, recording, and concert artist. He is currently the steward of Green Angel Gardens Sustainable Living Center and Organic Farm in Long Beach, WA., where he teaches sustainable living skills to help restore balance and harmony on Mother Earth.

**KIM TAYLOR** has been enthralled by the world around her for as long as she can remember. She has always enjoyed taking photographs in an attempt to "hold" beauty still for as long as she wanted, and likes displaying her work for others to critique and marvel at right along with her. Taylor says it's fun to put her own spin on certain pictures to make them more interesting or weirder than they might normally be. Taylor has been on the Oregon coast now for over twenty years and loves this place!

**JULIE TENNIS** is an observer of Life. She records what she witnesses in the hopes of helping others experience mystery and magic in the mundane. When she isn't writing or exploring, she's at home tending her honeybees.

**BLAINE VERLEY** is a Clatsop CC graduate from 1973. For the first editions of Rain he contributed poems, and every now and then still trying to write something. Verley holds a BS in Education with AA minor in Art from Portland State and has been painting in oils and acrylics for nearly 40 years. Currently he works as an Academics Instructor at Tongue Point Job Corp.

**MAKAYLA WATSON** has a fierce love of literature and enjoys devoting her time to writing and visual mediums. Loose forms and spontaneity along with a joy of the human figure inspire both her visual and written works. She posts her work at [kayla-gets-creative.tumblr.com](http://kayla-gets-creative.tumblr.com)

**MARY TANGUAY WEBB** is a painter, writer, and Fishtrap fellow, who has been published in several anthologies, *The Oregonian* and read on NPR.

**LANCE SMITH, RACHEL SPARKS, KIMBERLY SULTAN, SEA CREWS, MACKENZIE DARNELLE, HOLLY ECKHARDT, RACHEL FACKLER, AND LAURA FANCHER** are students of art and photography at Clatsop Community College.

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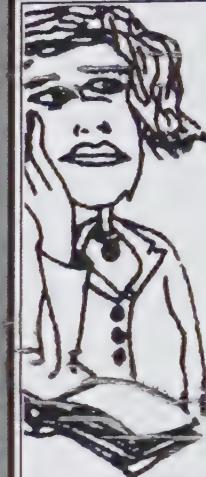


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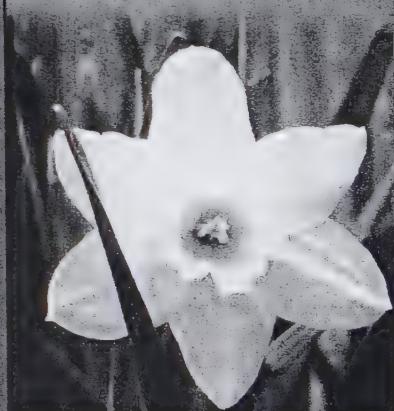
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The consent of the will in the search for we want is called desire; joy is the name of the will's consent to the enjoyment of what we desire. So, too, fear is aversion from what we do not wish to happen, as sadness is a disagreement of the will with something that happened against our will. Thus, according as the will of a man is attracted or repelled by the variety of things which he either seeks or shuns, so is it changed or converted into one or other of these different emotions. ~ Augustine 425

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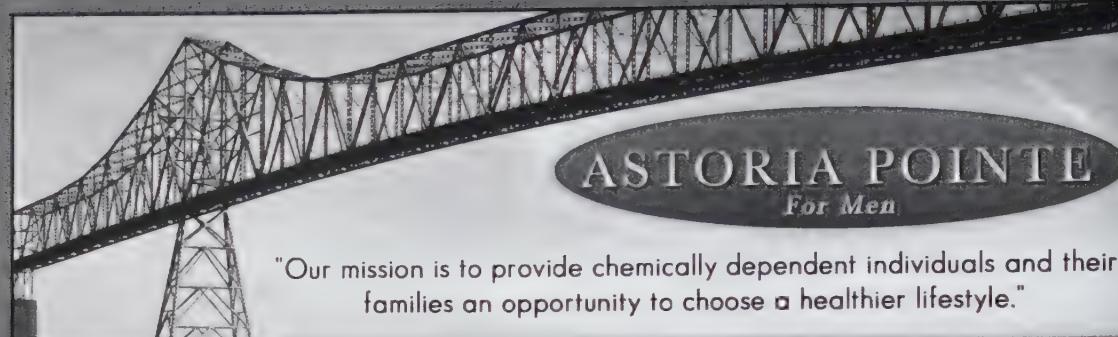
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Grant Marshall Shelby Lofton  
Robert Rojas Nick Zimmerman  
Kathleen Peterson Makayla Watson

*Criticism, like rain, should be gentle  
enough to nourish a man's growth without  
destroying his roots.* Frank A. Clark





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